

"Happy Landings"  
Opens Thursday  
At McKinley High

# The University Hatchet

STUDENT

WEEKLY

Grid Festival  
D. C. vs. Alabama  
Saturday, Ball Park

VOL. 28, NO. 12

PUBLISHED IN  
TWO SECTIONS

WASHINGTON, D. C., DECEMBER 8, 1931

SECTION ONE

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER  
POST OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

## District Gridders To Meet Alabama Eleven Saturday

### "Happy Landings," Gala Musical Opens At McKinley Thursday; Program Crowded With Color

Spectacular Comedy Sparkles with Snappy Lines and  
Tunes, Novel Settings and Lighting, Colorful  
Costumes and Great Variety of Features

"Happy Landings," the seventh annual show of the Troubadours, produced entirely by students, and under the expert coaching of Denis Connell, will be presented at McKinley Auditorium on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights of this week, December 10, 11, and 12.

Everything that goes into the making of a successful musical comedy—a gay libretto with snappy lines, tuneful music, a good orchestra, varied and novel sets and lighting effects, colorful costumes, a variety of specialty numbers, and last, but far from least, novel chorus routines executed by attractive chorines—is promised us by the Troubadour staff.

With the scene laid in an ultra-modern flying college, the book itself, written by Ralph "Sock" Kennedy and John Redmond, is the story of what happens there when a mysterious young instructor, played by Bert Bagranoff, arrives. Ruth Molyneux, as a student aviatrix, is the leading lady. The typical campus "dumb Dora" and the campus "nut" will be impersonated by Mildred Burnham and Joe Danzansky. Louise Berryman is the visiting aviatrix; Dolph Atherton is one of the "aces" at the school. The part of the president of the school is played by Grant Van Demark, while Katherine Wessels, William Claudy, and James Littlepage have the parts of a sweet co-ed, and a pair of mechanics, respectively.

Songs are from the pen of Dan Beattie. They will have to compete with such of his past hits as "What Case I," "Just a Kiss," "Must I Forget," and "Makin' Love." For the first time, the Troubadours will have their own orchestra, playing the accompaniments and the incidental music. They will be led by Dan Beattie and George Wenzl.

Striking and unusual settings and lighting effects are promised us by Dean Longfellow, scenery director, particularly in his "master" set in the second act, the nature of which he refuses to discuss. Other sets in the show will represent campus scenes, an airplane hangar, a night club, and a professor's office.

Costumes will be more elaborate than in any previous shows, according to Carolyn Brasch and Ruth Warren, who designed the costumes. They have been made by John Coffey, a local costumer, who has done many professional productions.

Tap dancing, tangoing, and close harmony are included in the special numbers of "Happy Landings." In addition, a complete style show, modeled by George Washington girls, will be an important feature of the show. Marjorie Mitchell, the soubrette of "Good Gracious Godfrey," Steve Nyman, and "Sock" Kennedy, will execute the tap dancing, while six of the small chorus and their partners will tango. Feminine harmony will be provided by Ruth McNary and Hilda

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 1)

### Lucy Frank Is Best Orator, Say Judges

Talk on Racketeering Proves Vivid  
Illustration of Blackmail

"Each one of you is paying, indirectly, \$140 every year to racketeers," stated Lucy Frank, winner of the freshman women's oratorical contest in opening her speech on "Racketeering" Friday evening, December 4.

Lucy gave a vivid illustration of the blackmail racket by telling of the experience of a wealthy Chicago banker. He received a letter informing him of an effective prophylactic which destroyed the germs of a certain disease if applied within six days of infection. By opening this letter, it was stated, the banker had liberated millions of the bacteria and by this time was infected. Naturally, he sent for the prophylactic immediately.

Honorable mention was awarded Letha Scott for her talk on "Be a Sportsman and an Athletic Fan."

Mrs. Willard Hayes Yeager presided over the contest, introducing the speakers. Professor Willard Hayes Yeager, Kathleen Duggan, national secretary of Sigma Delta Rho, and Professor Gilbert Hall, lecturer in the Law School, were the judges. A silver loving cup will be presented to Lucy Frank at the Class Night exercises in June.

### Panhellenic Council Plans Pledge Group

Seek to Organize Body Patterned After Men's Freshman Group

Plans for a freshman panhellenic association are being formulated by the local Panhellenic Council, in an attempt to foster better spirit between local chapters of the sororities on the campus.

Such an organization, which will be composed of one freshman pledge from each sorority, will be similar to the Interfraternity Pledge Council. Problems concerning rushing and freshman education will be primary issues to be brought before this group.

Plans for next year's rushing will not be settled until this freshman organization is formed. It is the belief of the present Panhellenic that the freshmen will have decided opinions and valuable suggestions for future plans.

There will be a special meeting of the Panhellenic Council December 12 to consider the organization of such a freshman group.

### Delphi Makes Plans For First Initiation

Induction to Be in January With Banquet at Kennedy-Warren

Plans concerning the initiation of its nine new pledges were completed by Delphi, recently organized inter-sorority honorary society, at the meeting held last Monday night in the Chi Omega rooms.

Initiation is to be January 10 in the Kappa Kappa Gamma rooms. Following this there will be a formal banquet at the Kennedy-Warren in honor of the initiates.

The society is looking forward to greatly increased social activities after Christmas. The next regular meeting of Delphi is scheduled for January 7.

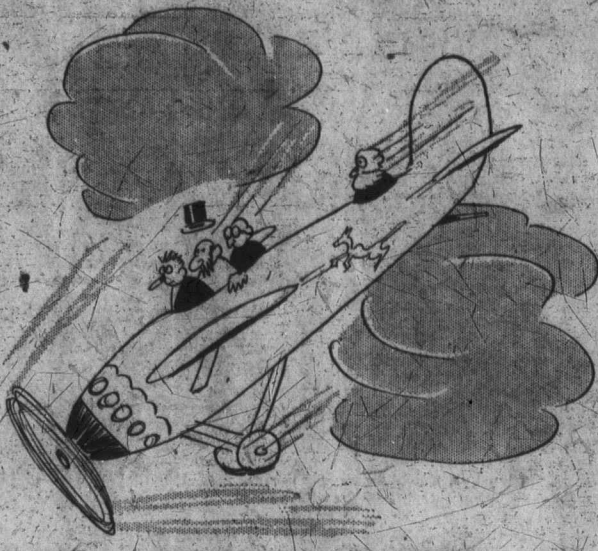
### Committee Will Make Study Of Junior College Transfer

To facilitate the transfer from the various junior colleges in Washington and the surrounding area of students who wish to pursue advanced studies in the University, there has been set up a committee to make a study and recommendations as to the correlation of junior college programs of study with University entrance requirements. The committee is composed of Henry Grat-tan Doyle, dean of the Junior College, as chairman; Prof. Harold Griffith Sutton, director of admissions, as secretary; Prof. DeWitt C. Croissant, Prof. Paul Bowman and John Russell Mason, librarians.

### Thousand Bleacher Seats Remain for Charity Fray

A thousand seats, for the circus bleachers, will be disposed of on the "first come, first served" policy at \$1.50 per head beginning today, for the charity game Saturday in Griffith Stadium. Boxes are selling at \$2.50 and reserved seats at \$2. After tomorrow children under 16 will be allowed to purchase seats in the center field concrete stands at 50 cents.

### "Happy Landings"



A VERSION BY ROWLAND LYON

### Awards Presented To Women Athletes At Sports Banquet

Helen Koene Wins Archery  
Trophy for High Score  
in Individual Match

hockey cup to Betty Garber as captain of the winning Junior-Senior team and the awarding of letters and numerals were the features of the Fall Sports Banquet of the Athletic Association, December 2, at the Kennedy-Warren. Helen Koene received a trophy from the National Archery Association for her high score in that association's individual match.

Mary Hudson presided as toast-mistress over the members of the W. A. A. and their guests. Mrs. William J. Mallory, president of Columbian Women; Mrs. Vinnie G. Barrows, director of Women's Personnel Guidance; Miss Myrna Sedgwick, Miss Frances Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Willard Hayes Yeager, Mrs. C. H. Ros, Miss Ruth Atwell, Helen Lawrence, Ruth Aubuch and Agnes Rodgers of the Physical Education Department were present.

Between courses speeches were made by Mrs. Mallory, Mrs. Barrows and Miss Atwell on various aspects of athletic and physical development for women. Mrs. Mallory was to have presented the Columbian Women's Cup for tennis to the tournament winner.

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 5)

### Glee Club Plunges Into Busy Season

Massachusetts State Program at  
Shoreham Next on Schedule

The George Washington University Glee Club has entered another very busy season, having scheduled a long list of engagements. The organization, which won third place in national intercollegiate competition this year and first place in 1930, sang over radio station WMAL Thursday, December 3, in a half-hour program sponsored by the Community Chest. This program included some of the best numbers used by the club last season.

The Glee Club has been much in demand this year. It recently sang before Harmony Lodge, F. A. A. M., on which occasion it was presented with a beautiful basket of flowers for its delightful entertainment. It will next appear at a ball to be given by the Massachusetts State Society at the Shoreham Hotel, on December 15.

### Fraternity Pledge Prom Takes Society Spotlight

The Interfraternity Pledge Prom, which is the social highlight of the goats' year, will be held at the Kennedy-Warren on December 16, from 10 until 2. There will be two prominent orchestras to furnish the music for this annual frays, according to Murray Watts, social chairman.

Two actives from each fraternity on the council will be invited, the guest master, and the delegate to the active council.

### Fine Arts Division Does Illustrations For Cherry Tree

Photograph Charge to Be  
Raised Fifty Cents After  
December 22

Illustrations of late eighteenth century books will furnish the pattern for the 1932 Bi-Centennial Cherry Tree, according to an announcement by Director Norris Ingersoll Grandall, of the Division of Fine Arts. This year is the first in the history of Cherry Tree publication that the Division of Fine Arts has actually taken over the art work of the book, under the direct personal supervision of the head of that unit of the University.

Actual drawings for the opening section and the ten divisional title pages which will be done in three-color Ben Day process, will be made by students under the supervision of Professor Albert Nelson Davis, of the Fine Arts Division. Director Grandall and Professor Davis are taking charge of this work in an effort to commemorate the life of George Washington with a yearbook which will set a standard for all times.

Individual photographs of seniors, members of fraternities, sororities, and organizations are being taken at Casson's Studios, 907 Pennsylvania avenue N. W. Hours for sittings are: daily 8-5; Sunday 12-3; Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evenings, 8-10. Group appointments may be made directly with the Casson Studio by calling National 5861, or by communication with Jerry Free, photograph manager.

The price of individual pictures is \$2 up to and including December 22, after which time the charge will be increased to \$2.50 for a limited period of time. Cherry Tree officials urge the earliest possible cooperation of the student body, both because of the saving to students and the expedition of work on the book.

### Midterm To Offer Beginners' Courses

Schedule Fundamental Classes for  
Students Entering in February

To enable students who complete their high school courses in February to begin college work at the midterm, the Junior College of the George Washington University has scheduled beginning classes in most of the fundamental subjects to open with the second semester.

Thus it is possible for the February high school graduates to complete the Junior College course and receive the junior certificate within two years from the time he leaves high school. Admission in February to all of the professional schools of the University, except the School of Medicine, likewise is possible, so that there need be no interruption between secondary school and Junior College, and between Junior College and professional school.

This adjustment has been made by the Junior College in conformance with the public school system of the District of Columbia.

### Championship Rose Bowl Team Tilts Three Local Aggregations In Novel Exhibition Of Football

George Washington, Catholic University, and Georgetown to "Shoot the Works" in Three Twenty-Minute Frays with University of Alabama

Charity's plea will be answered in the staging of the most original exhibition of football in the history of the sport next Saturday, when one of the outstanding eleven of modern football, the Alabama Rose Bowl team of 1930, meets in three twenty-minute games, George Washington University, Catholic University, and Georgetown University. George Washington will be the Alabamian's first contestant and the kick-off is slated for 2:15 Saturday afternoon in the Griffith Stadium.

A wealth of fine football material will be transported northward by Coaches Thomas and Crisp of the University of Alabama for the fray with the District teams. The outstanding player of the South-erners is without a doubt, Fred Sington, 1930 All-American tackle. Sington, a 215-pound giant, is a demon both on the offense and defense and incredibly fast for his bulk. Last year he was practically an unanimous choice for All-American in the tackle position due to his aggressive play on the Crimson Tide's forward wall. Sington's mental ability is on a par with his physical, he being the owner of a Phi Beta Kappa key.

Charles "Foots" Clement will occupy the other tackle position. Clement will be remembered as receiving an honorable mention for this berth on the 1930 All-American eleven and was also recipient of All-Southern honors. "Foots" is noted for his magnetic leadership on the field of play, inspiring his mates to great heights at times when superhuman ability is needed.

All-Southern Guards  
The guards of this team, Jimmy Miller and Frank Howard, played

lytton State in the Rose Bowl last year. Miller was named All-Southern selection, while Howard received an honorable mention.

A big man is the center of the Southerners. Weighing 200 pounds, and standing an even 6 feet, Jess Eberdt should provide plenty of tough opposition in the middle of the line. Jess completed his last year of college football in the Rose Bowl contest and his consistent and accurate playing during his three years as an undergraduate marks him as outstanding.

Billy Elmore will take his regular position at right end, and the other wing position will be filled by any number of capable gridders. Jimmy Moore, who played such a brilliant game against Washington State last January, passed away to the gridiron Valhalla, during the past Summer.

Remarkable Backfield  
The backfield of the Crimson Tide is a marvelous combination of power, speed, and uncanny football ability. The notorious John "Hurricane" Cain, who was chosen as All-American fullback this year by the All-American Board of Football, will be absent due to injuries sustained in Alabama's last contest.

Leon Long, one of the Crimson

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 2)

### Gordon Will Speak To Civil Engineers

Committee to Discuss Plans for Ball  
at Society Meeting

Mr. Gordon, sanitary engineer of the District of Columbia, will speak at the next meeting of the American Society of Civil Engineers, Wednesday, December 9, at 8:15 p. m., in K-12.

Various phases of the Engineers Ball will be brought up and discussed at the meeting, as several members of the Ball Committee from allied engineering societies will be present.

The membership of the A. S. C. E. this year has doubled the numbers of previous years. Every member of the Society and any other engineers who are interested are requested to attend this meeting.

### Reverend McKay Will Make Address at Friday Chapel

At the chapel service, Friday, December 11, at 12:10, in Corcoran Hall 10, the speaker will be Rev. Mr. McKay, pastor of Union Methodist Church.

Following the chapel service there will be a preliminary conference of Methodist and Methodist Protestant students preparatory to the organization of a Methodist Club. There are 797 Methodist students registered at the University this year. Director Elmer Louis Kayser has arranged for this preliminary conference for organization. He is assisted by Mr. McKay.

All Methodist students are invited to this conference on Friday.

### Committee At Work On Engineers Dance

Humor Journal, "The Pick and Shovel," Appears at Intermission

Plans for the Engineers Ball on January 8, were speeded up last Friday night, when Phi Theta Xi, professional engineering fraternity, selected two delegates for the ball committee, which is headed by Ray Heimburger. The appointed men were Ask and Ball.

The Engineers Ball is the first attempt of its kind in the University. All the famous engineers of Washington, have been invited, as well as President Marvin. Dean J. R. Lapham and Professor N. B. Ames, of the Engineering School, have consented to act as chaperons.

Bids will be presented to members of the Engineering School and the heads of campus organizations some time before the Christmas vacation. It is estimated that each bid will cost \$2.50. They will be distributed by members of the Ball Committee.

The ball is being supported by the local chapters of the American Society of Civil Engineers, the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, and Phi Theta Xi.

A paper called "The Pick and Shovel," is to be featured and will be released at the intermission. The publication staff has not been announced, but material is being solicited from members of the Engineering School.



# The University Hatchet

STUDENT

WEEKLY

Members of

Intercollegiate Newspaper Association of the Middle Atlantic States  
National College Press AssociationEditor F. WINFIELD WEITZEL  
Business Manager LESTER M. GATES

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

MARIAN BOYLE  
LEO DAVID  
C. MANLEY FESLER

CECILE HARRINGTON  
JOHN J. HEIMBURGER  
MARY WEAVER

WALLIS L. SCUTT

## DEPARTMENT EDITORS

KATHRYN DILLE  
SAMUEL DETWILER

JOHN T. VIVIAN  
ELIZABETH HUTCHISON

Advertising Manager PHILIP MERRIMAN  
Circulation Manager ROGER MARQUIS  
Office Manager EVELYN ELLER

Published weekly from October to May with one issue in July and September by the students of The George Washington University, Washington, D. C. Entered as second-class matter, October 27, 1911, at the Post Office at Washington, D. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized March 8, 1919.

Telephone: National 6462 (University Exchange); Then ask for "University Hatchet." (After 7 P. M. and on Sunday call District 5170.) Subscription, \$2.00 a year.

## GEORGE WASHINGTON PUBLICATIONS

Executive Officer DOUGLAS BEMENT  
Graduate Manager HENRY W. HERZOG

WASHINGTON, D. C., TUESDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1931

## "Happy Landings"

The Troubadours' annual production, "Happy Landings," holds the stage in University life. This show will be presented at McKinley High School Auditorium on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights of this week.

This "Happy Landings" idea of 1931 is truly a student managed musical comedy. More men and women are participating in the production than appear in any other school activity, aside from publications. They have worked long and diligently to present for our approval a few hours of excellent entertainment. The members of the cast, the choruses, the orchestra, scene designers, costume designers, stage hands, electricians, and the all-important business staff, have been picked at random and present a broadside view of the student body as a whole.

One of the staff has written the lyrics, as arresting as any heard at a local theatre last week. Chorus numbers are being executed at rehearsals with precision seldom evident in amateur shows of this type. Settings are delightful. The orchestra, newest unit of the Troubadours, capably fills the place formerly held by professional musicians, and has been largely responsible for the enthusiasm exhibited by every member of the organization. Spirit, combined with exhaustive effort of the leaders, has resulted in a very smooth working unit.

Such a truly representative group deserves your support, so be on hand either Thursday, Friday or Saturday, to insure the Troubadours a "Happy Landing."

## TAKING STOCK

The majority of us generally carry in mind the old adage, "Never leave off for tomorrow what you can do today," and yet very few are inclined to follow out this bit of advice.

When the end of a session comes around, we are always making the resolution that at the beginning of the next one we will do our work periodically and will not be hard pressed for time when studying for examinations. Many of us have profited by the experience of the past and are carrying out our resolutions conscientiously. Others, again, continue to renew their promises session after session.

While this bit of advice is needed by upperclassmen as well, we feel that the freshmen are the people to whom we should preach at the present moment.

Freshmen have by this time, we are sure, realized that a university is vastly different from a prep school. The student is left to his own resources and he can do as he pleases with his time. While this is a good thing inasmuch as it endows him with a certain amount of independence, it is often the cause of his failure at the end.

## Dr. Donaldson's Book Published In Spanish

Pioneer Text in Field of International Economics in That Language

Dr. John Donaldson, professor of Political Economy, has been named as the American member of the International Committee on Research in International Relations. Professor Donaldson attended the meeting held by the Committee at Geneva in September. The first conference of its kind, it was attended by leading scholars in the field from England, France, Germany, and Italy. Professor Donaldson is a scholar who is internationally known through his books and articles in European and American journals.

The Spanish edition of his book, "International Economic Relations," the pioneer text in the field, has just come from the press. The text already had come into wide use, in its English edition, in various countries. Its latest adoption was in a course on "The Economic Aspects of International Relations," at the London School of Economics and Political Science. The translators for the Spanish edition are Manuel Valle, of the Real Academia Hispano-Americana de Ciencias y Artes, and Evaristo Hazaña,

## Dr. Hahn To Talk To Education Club

Business Meeting and Election of Officers Will Follow Address

Dr. Julia Hahn, supervising principal of the third division of the District Public Schools, will talk to the Women's Education Club on "The Activities Program in the Modern School," Friday at 8 p. m., in the rooms on the second floor of Lambie House. Dr. Hahn is prominent in educational work and came from California to accept her appointment in the Washington schools last fall.

Following Dr. Hahn's speech the club will have a business meeting. The nominating committee will conduct election of officers and the committee on organization and the constitution has a report prepared for the approval of members. Organization plans are being completed. Women interested in education are invited to the meeting.

Licenciado en Derecho, of the Instituto de Economía Americana.

By arrangement with the author and the American publishers, it is published by El Consultor Bibliográfico in the Spanish collection, "Biblioteca de Cultura Económica."

## World News

By JAMES COBERLY

International affairs faded into oblivion as far as the American people were concerned when the seventy-second Congress convened yesterday, faced with the necessity of prescribing for economic ills which affect the citizens of this nation, more than the imperialistic advance of Japan, the Fascist tendencies of Hitler, the tariff and home-rule problems of England, the five-majority Democratic House and the one-majority Republican Senate will occupy the center of the stage. The newest arrival to Democratic ranks is Percy H. Stewart from the fifth Congressional District of New Jersey, who fills the seat made vacant by the death of Republican Ernest R. Ackerman.

Everything is ready for the big show. The Democrats, to the surprise of many, offer a united front in support of John N. Garner for the office of Speaker of the House. In opposition the Republicans will back Bertram H. Snell, who successfully bested John Q. Tilson in that party's caucus. Henry T. Rainey will be the floor leader of the Democratic forces.

In the Senate a fight is expected over the position of President pro tempore, at present held by Senator George H. Moses. The insurgent group has announced its opposition to his re-election and without that support his defeat is a matter of course. Senator Key Pittman is the Democratic choice for the place.

### Moratorium Comes First

With the exception of President Hoover's Debt Moratorium, domestic affairs will be given priority over all else. There is a budget bill to be constructed and necessary economic relief measures. In this connection committees of the Senate have been in session already. They are Senator Glass' committee on banking; Senator LaFollette's plans for national economic council, and the Senate Agricultural Committee which has been delving into that old bogey, farm relief, and the activities of the Farm Board. To be considered also is the President's proposal for banking relief of real estate securities.

### Prohibition to Get a Chance

It seems the Prohibition issue will be given an airing at last. Not that it hasn't been well aired, but this time it is certain to find a place in the programs of both houses. Both Senate and House leaders of the two parties have pledged a hearing for any proposed legislation along this line. But there are 5,000 bills ready for the opening, many of them on more pertinent questions than light wines and beer.

Some little weight may be added to the arguments advanced pro and con for this legislation when the results of the Finnish referendum are known. The government of Finland has just instructed the Diet to submit the prohibition enactment of that country to a popular vote.

### "Hunger Marchers" Win Headlines

Coincident with the opening of Congress was the arrival of 1,500 "hunger marchers" in the Capital. They arrived Sunday from the North and West by means of motor trucks and were fed and cared for by relief organizations. They have been ordered to confine their activities to parading with no banners and to refrain from an attempt to visit the chambers of Congress.

### Marking Time in Manchuria

There is no change in Manchuria. There have been further developments, but the situation remains essentially as it was at the outbreak of hostilities. Japan refused the latest peace move of the League, contending that Chinese evacuation of Chinchow was necessary before they could submit to an arbitration of conditions. Dr. Sze, who submitted his resignation to the Nanking government but later reconsidered, has declared that China will never vacate the city. Meanwhile the other hero of China, General Ma Chan Shan, had rallied his forces which were scattered when Japanese troops took Taitshar and was reported moving toward that city with the avowed intention of retaking it. Extreme pessimists declared the League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, and all plans for world peace absolute failures.

### Can Germany Pay?

The Eastern situation threatens to be overshadowed by the meeting of international bankers which begins next week in Basle, Switzerland, to consider the financial affairs of Germany and her ability to pay. Those debts are of two kinds, reparations and private loans. France has demanded payment of reparations first. Germany and unbiased economic experts would favor an extension of the moratorium giving preference to the private debts.

Adolf Hitler, leader of the Nazis movement in Germany, caused no little alarm in western financial circles when he declared himself in favor of paying only private debts and defaulting on reparations, which he has termed tribute. His statement carries all the more force as a result of the enormous gains in power his party has made in recent elections. There seems to be a likelihood of a radical change in the government of Germany unless the conservative element in power now offers some definite contributions to economic betterment.

Danger Among the Railroads  
Financial markets in this country were disturbed last week by the appointment of receivers for the Wabash Railway. Rail issues lost heavily. Further developments await the outcome of the wage-cut ultimatum which will be decided in the meeting of capital and labor this week in Chicago.

## CHIPS

It has been quite a task to recover from the effects of the Interfraternity smoker where Vivian, with a yearning to promote good fellowship, had the acid-resisting gall to serve Cremos.

Professor Kayser's rather pointed tale about hermits was surpassed only by the first public embarrassment of a well known campus light who has just blossomed into ripe young manhood and was permitted to attend the function only through the graces of his mother.

Ivy was chosen as the symbolic plant of the Interfraternity Council for the ensuing year for a variety of far-sighted but unmentionable reasons.

Little Rollette, our column detective, discovered that "Happy Landings" is not the embryo of the brains of Messrs. Kennedy and Redmond but a steal from a weekly magazine and a nickel one at that! If you doubt the snoopery of our sleuth read this week's "Liberty."

Among this season's famous comebacks is to be found the name of "Midge" Burnham, star of former Troubadour productions, who again "hogs" the spotlight. Miss Burnham shows none of the usual ravages of old age and displays a remarkable amount of vivacity and vitality in her role of "Happy Landings."

Wonder what competition Spigull will offer the Schenken Beef Trust and Denning's War Horses of past years.

Varsity, alias "S. P. E." basketball team, looks for a favorable season unless it runs into giant killers, "or sumph."

Controversy over the water boy prevents us from announcing our all-American Team at this time although we do congratulate Mulvey, Blackstone, and Carlin for their all-city mention.

Poor old Doc Quigley was finally roped in on one of those new fangled psychological thingamagigs for statistics on what students eat. His estimate is too conservative as it fails to consider those products which just disappear.

If we keep on organizing more clubs around these parts we'll have to start pledging in high school in order to keep up the membership roles.

In a haze of chloroform and ether the embryo medics dragged their favorite female cadaver out for public inspection last Saturday night.

Dear Santa, please send the Hatchet Staff one nice big warm radiator which will work overtime on Sunday nights, or else. Oh! Well! You tell me.

A glance at the crowds which are attending the sorority teas these Sunday afternoons leads us to believe that George Washington has a Hunger line of its own.

Lost, strayed, or stolen, young woman answering to the name of Betty Nonsense who possesses qualifications as a copy reader. Return to Hatchet office and receive reward.

Evidently prexy was subjected to the thrills of a Greek society rush season at some time or other from the sounds of the "Prone" story he told the Commerce Club last week.

Well, don't forget to come out Saturday to see the Colonials, the Hovas and Cardinals TRY to stop the Crimson Tide. Remember it's for charity and might have to begin at home.  
DICK ROLLO.

Grain prices moved up on the strength of rumors concerning Russian shortages but fell back at the close of the week.

### Indian Conference Fails

The Indian round table conference in London ended in failure. Premier MacDonald obtained a confidence vote in the House of Commons on his policy in that regard which might or might not be taken as a victory for the cause of Mahatma Gandhi.

### Revolution in Salvador

In Salvador, revolutionists succeeded in overthrowing the existing government and forcing President Arturo Araujo to flee the country. Latest reports were to the effect that he had assembled an army and was preparing to move against the capital, San Salvador.

## Weddell \$200 Prize Contest For Peace Essay Announced

Manuscripts Must Be Submitted by April 25 to Faculty Committee

The Alexander Willbourn Weddell Prize of \$200 which is awarded annually at Commencement to the student registered for a degree in the University who submits the best essay on some subject related to "The Promotion of Peace Among the Nations of the World," has been announced by the University. Suitable subjects are listed below. Other subjects may be chosen by the student with the approval of the Committee.

President Marvin has appointed the following committee: James O. Murdoch, lecturer on International Law; John Donaldson, professor of Political Economy; and Charles E. Hill, professor of Political Science, chairman. Essays are to be submitted to the Chairman on or before April 25, 1932.

All essays should be typewritten and accompanied by a separate letter containing the name of the writer, his Washington address, and the department of the University in which he is registered. The essay should be at least 5,000 words in length and should be accompanied with proper documentary citations and a list of source materials used. Each contestant should register his name and subject with the chairman at the earliest possible date.

The winning essay last year was presented by Robert S. Miller on "Recent Developments as to the Law Controlling the Nationality of Married Women."

### List of Subjects

1. The Problem of Making the General Pact for the Renunciation of War (Kellogg Treaty), an Effective Part of the International Law of Peace.
2. The Consequences as to Private Legal Rights Resulting from the Non-recognition of Governments.
3. The Work of the International Chamber of Commerce in Promoting International Understanding.
4. Recent National Immigration Policies.
5. The Development of International Commercial Arbitration.
6. The Movement to Eliminate Double Taxation.
7. The Manchurian Problem.
8. The International Petroleum Problem.
9. The Reparations Question.
10. The Bank for International Settlements.
11. The Work of the International Chamber of Commerce.
12. The Polish Corridor.
13. The Advisory Function of the Permanent Court of International Justice.
14. The International Regulation of Radio.
15. The Treatment of Enemy Alien Property in the United States.
16. The Conciliatory Functions of

## R. Harris & Co.

F St at 11th.  
WASHINGTON

All Standard G. W.

## GLASS RINGS

In Regular Size  
and Miniature

## Fraternity and Athletic JEWELRY

Prom Favors, Emblems, Trophies  
2nd Floor College Dept.

the Council of the League of Nations Under Article 11 of the Covenant.  
17. The Protection of Aliens in the United States in Relation to their Treaty Rights and International Law.  
18. The Protection of Minorities in the United States.

### Why Men Marry!

William P. Dunn, interpreter of Shakespeare at the University of Minnesota, told his students that men fall in love and marry for two reasons; a man seeing a girl beyond his reach falls in love with her, and a man imagining a girl to be in love with him marries her thru a sense of duty or a feeling of chivalry.



Sports, Lounge & Dress Clothing  
For the University Gentlemen

## SALTZ BROTHERS

1341 F Street N.W., Washington

College Shops at:  
UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA and  
UNIVERSITY OF NO. CAROLINA

## XMAS BOOKS Cards

PAUL Pearlman

1711 G ST. N.W.

## THE SHELTON

at 49th and Lexington NEW YORK

When the Shelton opened 17 years ago we began catering to college men and women. Gradually their patronage has increased; we feel safe in asserting that more students make the Shelton their New York home than at any club or other hotel. One reason for this is the free recreational features plus a desire to serve on the part of Shelton employees. Room rates have been greatly reduced. \$2.50 per day without bath. \$3.00 per day with bath. \$4.00 per day, double with bath. Lower rates by the month.

Club features (free to guests) are as follows: Swimming pool; completely equipped gymnasium; game rooms for bridge and backgammon; roof garden and solarium. Restaurant and cafeteria service at reasonable prices.

First call for

## BREAKFAST

Breakfast is a new feature at the new Cleves. If you are a connoisseur of coffee and like hot home-made donuts or muffins, come in tomorrow morning and try a Cleves quick breakfast. There are also special Club Combinations from 15 to 50 cents.

*The New*  
**Cleves**  
*Cafeteria*  
1715 G ST. N.W.

In the new John Paul Jones Building



## Nodak Game Climaxes Brilliant Year, Vindicating Intersectional Contests And Pixlee's Coaching

Colonials Chalk Up Five Victories, Two Losses, and a Tie; Score 200 Points Against Opponents' 37; Lose Only to Tulsa and Iowa

Climaxing its regular season in a spectacular last minute tie with North Dakota on Thanksgiving Day, the George Washington University football team closed a chapter in Colonial gridiron history that will not soon be forgotten. This year, Coach Pixlee's third at G. W., was the second season in which the new intersectional policy has been carried out. Iowa was met in its native lair while Tulsa and North Dakota came out of the Southwest and northwest, respectively, to play the Colonials at home.

The results of these three games, the highlights of the season, are not impressive to the onlooker, but to George Washington students and supporters they are certainly a moral victory. Though defeated by Tulsa rather decisively, 24-7, in the first major home battle of the season, the Colonials showed an offensive to be reckoned with and the score does not indicate the comparative strength of the two teams or the closeness of the game with the Oilers. The latter had defeated Texas Christian prior to coming east, and with Boehm and Keeling in the lead, flashed the fastest attack seen in Washington this year.

Two weeks later, Iowa was played in Iowa City and the Big Ten boys were lucky to grab a 7-0 decision. The game was evenly played throughout, the teams being on a par despite the Colonials' aerial work. In fact, after the second period when Iowa scored on a sustained drive, the Mid-west boys were content to play safe, guard their lead and break-up alien passing threats.

Down Salem and Butler  
After these two battles the George Washington men played Salem in a "breather" and Butler University in a contest ballyhooed to be tough for the Colonials. All predictions were tossed overboard as the G. W. machine, functioning in top form, smothered the visiting Indians 32-7. In this game the Colonials flashed their best form to date and outplayed the Butler boys in every department.

Continuing this superb playing George Washington met North Dakota in the Turkey Day final at Griffith Stadium. The Nodaks had the most

impressive record of any team met this year and in size somewhat dwarfed even the Buff and Blue men. Neither team threatened seriously in the opening period but the Flickertails opened up their famous running attack in the second quarter and swept the field to a score. For the next two periods the advantage saw-sawed back and forth with neither team able to follow-up any gain.

With two minutes to play in the final period, Lee Carlin attempted to pass but was swamped by enemy tacklers. Suddenly he cut to his left and raced 20 yards to the visitors' 4-yard line. A surprise pass from Carlin to Chambers on the next play was successful and netted a touchdown. The point after touchdown was missed but students and local fans were satisfied with the result.

Reach Peak Slowly  
Coach Pixlee brought his team to form slowly, this peak being reached for the Butler and North Dakota contests. Had Tulsa been met near the close of the season instead of near the beginning, the result might have been a different story. The George Washington opponents were well mixed in caliber, the team playing three hard games, two fairly hard games, and three "breathers."

Playing eight games the Colonials chalked up five victories, two losses and a tie; scoring 200 points to their opponents' 44.

Next year, with Alabama, Oklahoma and Iowa coming here in the feature contests, the Colonials need to put their best foot forward. Only two men are lost from this year's squad by graduation, but since neither Hale nor Hoffman was a regular their loss will not be keenly felt.

At the close of this season the Colonials possessed a big, hard charging line with sure tacklers, and a versatile, shifty backfield. These two coordinated well and with added experience and coaching and no holes to plug, G. W. students and fans can look forward to a very successful season next year.

### Freshman Quintet Plans Active Basketball Season

Prospects are bright for an excellent freshman basketball team this season, as the candidates drill daily with the varsity from 8 to 5 p. m. The Cubs open their season December 15, one week from today, against Bethesda High, and will meet Business and Central on December 17 and 19, respectively, in the remaining games before the holidays. These games will be played at home, as will most of the others on the schedule.

Coach Len Walsh has such men as Bill Noonan and Dallas Shirley, former stars at Eastern High; Andy Gleason, Raskowski, Wickham, Keese, Trilling, and Vandenberg, as well as several others, with whom he may build his team. All are waging a stern fight for positions on the quint.

There's nothing  
**Pretentious**  
about the  
**G-W**  
**BUFFET**

but the food  
Select the G-W for  
lunch or dinner and  
see how very much  
of what you pay goes  
into the food—into  
good taste and large  
portions.

BILL SHICK'S

**G-W**  
**BUFFET**  
1815 G Street

## Basketball Leaders Remain Undefeated

Sigma Phi Epsilon, Phi Sigma Kappa Continue to Lead Their Leagues

LEAGUE STANDINGS				
League A				
Team	W	L	Pct.	
Phi Sigma Kappa	2	0	1.000	
Delta Tau Delta	1	0	1.000	
Theta Upsilon Omega	1	0	1.000	
Theta Delta Chi	0	1	0.000	
Sigma Chi	0	1	0.000	
Acacia	0	2	0.000	
League B				
Team	W	L	Pct.	
Sigma Phi Epsilon	3	0	1.000	
Sigma Nu	1	0	1.000	
Kappa Sigma	0	1	0.000	
Kappa Alpha	0	1	0.000	
Sigma Alpha Epsilon	0	2	0.000	

This weeks game will be Tuesday night, Sigma Chi vs. Theta Delta Chi and Kappa Sigma vs. Sigma Nu. Thursday night, Delta Tau Delta vs. Theta Upsilon Omega and Kappa Alpha vs. Sigma Nu.

The S. P. E. quint, made up of some of the tallest sharpshooters seen in interfraternity competition, subdued S. A. E. on Tuesday, 30-16, and came back to take a hard-fought game from Kappa Alpha, 33-24, on Friday. In the other game on Tuesday, Delta Tau Delta trounced Acacia, 29-10. After a three-day rest, the Acacians came back to take it on the chin again from a strong Phi Sig outfit, 42-9.

Herrler and Parrack Star  
S. P. E. used two different teams in their game with S. A. E. with both quintets showing up well. A fast passing game featuring some spectacular shooting by "Ty" Herrler and "Vic" Parrack, S. P. E. giants, completely snowed under the S. A. E.'s Bastable and Holden were the most consistent shooters for the losers.

The Delts showed some fast passing in their tilt with Acacia which had the Masons up in the air most of the time. Caulfield led the way for the Delts by getting five field goals. Lack of team play was noticeable in the downfall of the Acacia quint, which is shown clearly by the final score. After a slow beginning, the Delts soon warmed up and had the ball in their possession a large part of the time by taking advantage of loose team play.

### Acacia Defeat Inevitable

Due to Phi Sig's superior shooting and floor play, and Acacia's lack of both, defeat was inevitable for the Masons on Friday night. "Bill" Noonan, Phi Sig's eagle eye center, led the scoring with 16 points, with his teammate, Dallas Shirley, close behind with nine markers. Shirley's floor game was particularly instrumental in the Eye Streeters' victory. Even though the Acacians did not have much of a chance of coming out on top, they showed some remarkable spirit, which at times resembled a football game. Strandell was the high light of the losers, scoring four foul shots.

S. P. E. had to go the limit to beat a determined Kappa Alpha team, which led at half time, 9-5. Parrack again demonstrated some fancy shooting and although he played only the last half of the game, he garnered 15 points. "Country" Evans, former Maryland University athlete, played a good game at guard and led a fighting K. A. team with 13 points. "Ollie" Pagan also showed up well for the losers.

## First Basketball Battle Scheduled With Shenandoah

Only One Game to Be Played Before Holidays; Most of Last Year's Team to Play 1931-32

With the opening game of the season little more than a week off, the varsity basketball squad is putting in strenuous practice licks daily in the University gym. The Colonial five will face Shenandoah College in the gym on Wednesday, December 16, in the only game scheduled before the Christmas holidays, and all signs indicate that George Washington will be represented by a strong quint, with plenty of height, as well as speed and experience.

Last year's team is virtually intact, while there are several promising newcomers on the squad. Jack Connor, stellar guard, is the only regular who has been lost, due to scholastic ineligibility, and he may join his mates after the mid-year exams. Dick Castell, clever reserve guard, also will not return this year, since he has entered the Medical School. However, Lee Carlin, a leading player on the freshman team two seasons ago, but ineligible last year, is again available.

Forest Burgess, high-scoring District player last season, Otto Zahn, who proved such a popular player, Jeweler, Mulvey, Chambers, and Fenlon, are all veterans of the 1930-31 campaign. The last three named, together with Carlin, will join the squad after the charity clash with Alabama.

Some of the outstanding newcomers are Weldon Parrick, Ralph Hervier, who stand 6 feet 5 inches, and 6 feet 4 1/2 inches, respectively, and Hickman and Clarke, fro m the freshman team.

Several of the men stand over six feet in height and the smaller members will furnish plenty of speed to make up for their lack of stature. A captain for the season will probably be elected, according to Director of Athletics Pixlee.

## Colonials, Cardinals, And Terrapins Each Place Three Men On All-District Eleven

Georgetown's End and Guard Fill In Other Places; Colonials, Cards, and Hoyas to Meet Alabama in Final District Fray

ALL-DISTRICT ELEVEN		
First Team	Position	Second Team
Hudson (G. U.)	L. E.	Mulvey (G. W.)
Nally (C. U.)	L. T.	E. Katalinas (G. U.)
Krajcovic (Md.)	L. G.	Monaco (C. U.)
Blackstone (G. W.)	Center	Ambrose (C. U.)
Dubofsky (G. U.)	R. G.	Stewart (G. W.)
Gross (C. U.)	R. T.	Carliss (Md.)
Chambers (G. W.)	R. E.	Pease (Md.)
Chalmers (Md.)	Q. B.	Oliver (C. U.)
Whelan (C. U.)	L. H.	Berger (Md.)
Carlin (G. W.)	R. H.	Carter (G. W.)
Poppelman (Md.)	F. B.	Bordeau (G. U.)

By WALLIS I. SCHUTT

With only the Alabama fray listed for three of the local teams and with Maryland having finished a very successful season, it seems the time to pick a representative eleven from those four teams. This mythical team, composed of the best to be offered by local universities, would present a formidable array on any gridiron.

The Colonials of George Washington University have had one of the best seasons in years and accordingly have placed several men on the team. Maryland, with only a loss to Vanderbilt and a tie with the Kentucky Wildcats to blemish its record, has given three men from a powerful line and backfield. Catholic University, with eight wins and one loss, places three men two linemen and a flashy backfield man, on the eleven. Georgetown, with only a fair season, has shown one brilliant star, Hudson, end, and one lineman, who has done his job well and takes his place with the mighty.

Flank position of the elevens of to-

## Sport Axe

By GORDON V. POTTER

At last the Colonials' real worth has been realized and by persons who should know. When the first arrangements were being made for bringing the Alabama Rose Bowl eleven to the District for a charity contest with the three local teams it was generally conceded that George Washington would be nothing more than a walkaway for the Crimson Tide. But! after the downing of Butler and the tying of North Dakota, the Alabamians changed their minds and now fear the onslaught of the Buff and Blue more than that of the Cardinals or the Blue and Gray.

One last bit of authentic information for those who don't know. The team that is to engage the three local elevens is composed of, in the main, men—

(Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

### 'Bama's Plunging Backs



JOHN (SLUG) SUTHER  
175-pound Alabama halfback, who is mentioned as a likely All-America choice.



"MONK" CAMPBELL  
Scoring ace of the team, whose power and drive have brought him nationwide notice.  
International Newsreel Photo

## Swimmers Compete In City Meet Friday

Varsity and Freshman Teams Will Unite for Contests in Ambassador Pool

The swimming team will enter its first competition of the season Friday, December 11, at 8 p. m., when it enters an open meet being sponsored by the Ambassador Hotel in the hotel pool. The varsity and freshman squads will unite and swim against mermen representing Georgetown University, Catholic University, and other schools in Washington and the vicinity.

The program will include a 50-yard free style dash, 100-yard breast-stroke swim, 100-yard back stroke swim, and fancy diving competition. Entries close Thursday evening and individuals

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 5)

**GROSNER'S**  
1325 F STREET

ANNUAL

**Overcoat CLEARANCE**

Our Entire Stock of  
**Kuppenheimer & Grosner O'coats**

Reductions Start at

**\$24.75**

JOHN T. VIVIAN  
Representative

Charge Accounts Invited

Why Pay Cover Charge?

**DINNER WITH MUSIC AND DANCING**

• \$1 •

From 5:00 to 8:00 each evening except Sunday.

Dinners at \$1.50 and \$2.00 and a la carte after 8:00 o'clock.

TEA DANCE EVERY SUNDAY AFTERNOON

No cover charge at any time

**RESTAURANT MADRILLON**

In the Washington Building at Fifteenth and New York Ave., N. W. Entrance on New York Ave., or through the Arcade from G Street

**Smart Students—**  
Are finding Filler's the best place for a quick cup of coffee and a fresh sandwich between classes.

**FILLER'S**  
2110 G St.

**TYPEWRITER HEADQUARTERS**

for G. W. Students  
All machines sold, rented, repaired  
Easy Terms  
**TYPEWRITER SALES & SERVICE CO.**  
National 5666 1714 H St., N. W.

**GIFTS**

Students will appreciate

Book ends, stationery, cigarette cases, plaques, calendars—all sorts of useable and likable things for presents, marked with the G. W. seal. Reasonably priced, too.

Come over between or after classes to see the gifts we have especially for G. W. students.

**QUIGLEY'S PHARMACY**

**We know why men smoke PIPES**

**WOMEN** don't smoke pipes.

They're not the style for women. But pipes are the style for men, and more than that, a pipe and good tobacco gives a man greater smoking pleasure than tobacco in any other form.

In 42 out of 54 American colleges and universities

Edgeworth is the favorite pipe tobacco. Cool slow-burning burleys give this fine tobacco exactly the character that college men like best of all.

Try a tin of Edgeworth yourself! You can buy Edgeworth wherever good tobacco is sold. Or if you prefer, you can get a special sample packet free: write to Larus & Bro. Co., 105 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va. and ask for it.

**EDGEWORTH SMOKING TOBACCO**

Edgeworth is a blend of fine old burleys, with its natural flavor enhanced by Edgeworth's distinctive and exclusive eleven-step process. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes, 15¢ pocket package to \$1.50 pound humidifier tin.





# :-: SOCIETY :-:

The campus again took on a "rushing" aspect Sunday, when four sororities gave teas. Gate and Key entertained its old, present and prospective members with a dance at the Acacia house Saturday night. These campus events and Wardman vied for student interest. Next week we're all going to be at Troubadours and Saturday at the charity football game. A big week ahead!

Alpha Delta Pi announces the formal initiation of Anne Burger, December 6. A buffet supper in her honor followed the ceremony.

Harriette Smith Honor Guest At Pi Beta Phi Tea

Phi Beta Phi entertained at a tea in honor of Miss Harriette Smith, president of Gamma Province.

Midge Montgomery entertained for her house guest, Janet Wilcox, Saturday night. Jerry Siskler and Ray Edmonston were among those present.

Grace Dutton entertained some of

her friends at a luncheon and bridge at her home November 28.

Rosalie Brown and Dorothy Wilson spent Thanksgiving in Annapolis.

Kappa Kappa Gamma entertained at a pledge tea, December 6.

Ida Anderson Entertains House Guests

Polly Staunton and Edythe Howstick from Drexel, Pennsylvania and Belmar, New York, were guests of Ida Anderson for the Thanksgiving holidays.

Wilma Fish, Vernie Frazer, Agnes Rydgren and Larry Worrall attended the dance given in honor of the North Dakota football team at the Roosevelt.

Mary Lee Watkins spent the week-end at Sweet Briar College.

Alpha Delta Pi gave a luncheon in honor of Dean Doyle in the rooms Friday.

Alpha Epsilon Phi pledges gave a bridge for the active members Saturday at the home of Selma Felsner.

Kathryn Crane and Vola Drury attended a benefit card party at the War College Saturday afternoon.

Pledges of Zeta Tau Alpha Entertain Pledge Groups

The pledges of Zeta Tau Alpha gave a tea to the pledges of the other sororities Thursday afternoon, December 3. The color scheme was uniquely carried out in blue and gray.

A banquet and dance was given Monday night at the Hay Adams House for Alpha Delta Theta.

Alpha Epsilon Phi gave a tea Sunday for the active members at the home of Evelyn Bielous.

Gladys Wright attended the Yale-Princeton game at New Haven.

Betty Collier and Betty Newcombe spent the Thanksgiving holidays at Westhampton College.

Grace Hall and Margaret Miller motored to Richmond, Thursday.

Acacia announces the formal pledging of C. R. Kennell.

Helen Jones, Kappa Delta, entertained a few of her friends at a dance at her home, December 5.

Bunny Wall attended the Army-Notre-Dame game in New York.

Delta Zetas were entertained at a mystery party Wednesday evening at the home of Frances Owens, in Chevy Chase.

Ruth De Vane, Kathryn Dille, Barbara Wells, Ruth LaFont, and Nance Hall are spending next week end in New York, where they will attend the Army-Navy game.

Alpha Delta Theta held an informal luncheon at the Aster, on Thursday.

Progressive Dinner By Delta Zeta

Delta Zeta gave a progressive dinner Friday evening at the homes of Mary Whitney, Olive Chase, and Marjorie Newman.

Acacia has as its guest Gus Anderson, alumnus of the Northwestern University chapter.

May Fernyhough, of Warrenton,

Virginia, visited Virginia Gummel over the weekend. They attended the Maryland-Western Maryland game at Baltimore, on Saturday and the dance at Congressional afterward.

A birthday luncheon was given in the Delta Zeta rooms Thursday for Frances McMaugh, Delta Zeta pledge.

Morris Gersten and Clarence Gurewitz, motored to New York for the Thanksgiving holidays, staying there from Wednesday to Sunday, and taking in the Army-Notre Dame game.

Phi Mu Entertains Faculty At Tea In Rooms

Phi Mu entertained at a tea for the faculty, Sororities, fraternities and alumnae on December 8, in the rooms.

T. U. O. gave a dance at the house Friday, December 4.

Martha Myers motored to William and Mary last week end and attended the game and dances there.

Mary Catherine Holsopple spent the week end at Duke University.

Edith Mitchell entertained the Phi Mu's at a bridge party at her home Friday.

Josephine Rayson and Etta Weaver were seen at the Phi Chi dance Saturday, December 5.

Mary Holsopple and Edith Mitchell attended Homecoming Day dance at Maryland.

Dorothy Bates spent the week end in Fredericksburg.

Kappa Sigma will have it's Founder's Day Banquet at the house Thursday, December 10.

Young Democratic Club Gives Banquet

The Young Democratic Club gave a banquet at the Mayflower, December 3. Many persons from G. W. attended.

Murta Williams spent Thanksgiving holidays in Philadelphia.

Frances Thompson attended the William and Mary-Richmond College game in Richmond and spent the rest of the holidays at Williamsburg.

Mary Murphy spent the week end at Washington Lee.

Mary Louise Yauch and Jane Louise Stein attended the Maryland game in Baltimore, Saturday.

Frances McMillan spent the week end in New York.

Amanda Tucker spent Thanksgiving holidays in North Carolina.

Delta Phi Epsilon announces the pledging of the following students: Frances M. Killarney, Corwyn Lockwood, Otto Schoenfelder, and Robert Savage. These students have indicated a definite desire to follow in some capacity a foreign service career.

The annual December corporate communion of the Newman Club was held on December 6, at St. Patrick's Church, with eighty members and guests present. Breakfast was served immediately following at the Raleigh Hotel in the Oak Room.

The Pledges of Kappa Kappa Gamma entertained the pledges of other sororities at tea Sunday afternoon, December 6.

Nu Chapter of Kappa Beta Pi, international legal sorority, announces the pledging of Verna Parsons, Martha Martin, Elizabeth Dickson and Mabel Olsen.

Professor and Mrs. William Hunter, of the Law School, entertained Nu Chapter of Kappa Beta Pi and Mrs. Hunter's guests at a bridge party at their Chevy Chase home. Among those present were Dean Van Vleet of the Law School and Mrs. Van Vleet, Professor and Mrs. Clephane, Professor MacIntyre and Professor Davidson.

Nu Chapter of Kappa Beta Pi entertained recently at a Sunday night supper at the Kennedy-Warren. Prominent among the speakers were Miss Elizabeth Harris, practicing attorney and instructor in the Washington College of Law; Miss Mary Connolly of the Veterans Bureau; Mrs. Edwin Avery, Miss Helen Newman, secretary of the Law School, and Miss Beatrice Clephane, all graduate Kappas.

El Club Espanol to Hear Speech by Hector Lazo On Topic of Porto Rico

Hector Lazo, commercial advisor to Governor Roosevelt of Porto Rico, will address El Club Espanol on "Porto Rico Comes Back," Friday, December 11, at 8 p. m., in Corcoran Hall 22. Last year Mr. Lazo was professor of Spanish in the University and through his interest in the club spoke and showed pictures at some of the meetings. In addition to the above talk, Mr. Lazo has moving pictures of Porto Rico and of President Hoover's last trip through the Caribbean Sea which he will show at this meeting. El Club Espanol invites all interested to attend Friday evening.

## All Set for a Happy Landing



Attractive chorines with the current Troubadour production: Jane Hughes, Hilda James, Kathleen Watkins, Virginia Hawkins, and Ruth McNary.

## Women Offered Bids By Sigma Delta Phi

### Honorary Speech Arts Fraternity Names Six Prominent in Speaking Fields

Ada Green, Louise Bruce, Clara Critchfield, Miss Constance Connor Brown, and Miss Helen Newman have accepted bids to Sigma Delta Phi, honorary women's Speech Arts fraternity, which will be initiated Sunday, December 13.

Ada Green will be remembered for her lead in "The Queen's Husband," the Drama Club's fall production, as well as her past Troubadour work. She is the student coach of "Happy Landings," this year's production.

Louise Bruce is entering her second year as a member of the Intercollegiate debate team. Clara Critchfield was winner of the Freshman Women's Oratorical Contest last year.

Miss Brown and Miss Newman are honorary electees to the organization. Miss Brown, new director of the Drama Club, first became known to the University through her work with "The Queen's Husband." She is replacing Mr. Story in the Public Speaking department. Miss Newman is secretary of the Law School, and when attending the University was active in debating. The initiation will be followed by a reception.

## Medical Freshmen Honor Sophomores

Faculty and Students Alike Attend Dance; 200 Couples Turn Out

Freshmen honored sophomores of the George Washington University Medical School with a dance at the Carlton last Saturday night, from 10 to 1. Both classes turned out en masse and filled the floor to overflowing throughout the entire evening, about 200 couples being present.

The faculty was represented by Dr. and Mrs. E. B. McKinley, Dr. and Mrs. O. B. Hunter, Dr. and Mrs. George B. Jenkins, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Roe, Dr. and Mrs. Solnitsky, Dr. and Mrs. Irish, and Mr. and Mrs. Craft.

The freshman dance committee which arranged everything for the evening was I. Pasady, chairman; Richard Postue, G. Christensen, T. Maher, and J. Thom, Jr.

## Sonnets of Edna Millay Are Topic of Discussion At Poly Club Meeting

The Modern Poetry Club met Wednesday, December 2, and in the absence of the president and the secretary, Betty Jacobs presided over the meeting. The program was devoted to the sonnets of Edna St. Vincent Millay and was given by Helen Nordlinger.

The speaker first gave her personal opinions of Miss Millay's sonnets as a group. Following this she read sonnets selected from several of Miss Millay's books. She also read from an article published in the New York Times Book Review on the sonnets in the latest Millay book, "Fatal Interview."

The next meeting of the Modern Poetry Club will be Wednesday, December 9, at 12:30 p. m., in Corcoran 15. Grace Dutton will have charge. The program has not been announced. Everyone interested is invited to attend.

Teaching Chinese A senior at Marquette University High School is teaching a class of 14 Chinese boys and girls how to read and write the characters of their native land, so that they may have an oriental education to supplement their American one.

## Newman Club Names Members For Honor

Reverend Cartwright, Joseph O'Connor and Mary Galligan Chosen

Rev. John K. Cartwright, chaplain of the G. W. Newman Club; Joseph O'Connor, chairman of the Middle Atlantic Province of College Catholic Clubs; and Mary Flaherty Galligan, now resident in Buffalo, N. Y., were on December 6, on the occasion of the Annual December Corporate Communion and Breakfast of the Newman Club, presented with the honor key of the Federation of College Catholic Clubs.

The honor key of the Federation is awarded each year to not more than one of every thirty-five members of the Newman Club by the Federation at its national conference upon the recommendation of the club. In order to be eligible for the key, it is necessary that a student shall have been outstanding in promoting the interests of the College Catholic Club to which he belongs.

Rev. Cartwright has been chaplain of the G. W. Newman Club since its organization in 1925 and has done much to bring it to present prominence on the campus. O'Connor has been affiliated with the G. W. organization since its organization and was president of the Club in 1927 and 1928. He has been continuously active even since his graduation from law school and was recently elected chairman of the Middle Atlantic Province.

Mary Flaherty Galligan was corresponding secretary in 1929 and 1930, and remained active in the club until her marriage, October last to Donald Joseph Galligan, graduate of the University.

## Sigma Alpha Epsilon Alumni Entertained by Navy Films

More than one hundred members of Sigma Alpha Epsilon attended a recent meeting of the alumni of the fraternity. Among the guests of the evening were Hon. Ernest Lee Jahncke, Assistant Secretary of the Navy; Hon. Hearst Ragon, representative from Arkansas; Thomas Mills, athletic director of Georgetown University, and "Skin" Young, popular master of ceremonies at Club Michel, who gained fame as a member of Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

Mr. Jahncke gave a very interesting talk relative to the Navy Department. His speech was illustrated by movie-tone pictures of the Navy's various activities on the sea, under the sea, and in the air. For this purpose the machine and official pictures were loaned by the White House staff. Secretary Jahncke is a member of the S. A. E. Chapter from Tulane University.

## A Christmas Message

From WASHINGTON'S FINEST MEN'S WEAR STORE

## CO-EDS:

Win Weitzel, our representative, will be glad to supply you with the "Man's Viewpoint" in the selection of:

Christmas Neckwear 95c to \$4

Christmas Shirts \$1.55 to \$3.50

Christmas Robes \$5.85 to \$35

And Gloves, Mufflers, Pajamas, Handkerchiefs, Slippers, Braces, Hose, Sweaters in great assortments.

Raleigh Haberdasher 1310 F Street

Philipsborn ELEVENTH ST. - BETWEEN F & G

Ask Santa

For a Bunny Wrap

\$15

Tell Daddy he no longer has to go hunting to get his baby a bunny wrap—send him to Philipsborn.

G. W. Text Books LOWDERMILK'S 1418 F Street

Specialists in Book Binding

Open Saturday Afternoon Until 2

EDWARD F. GRUVER 1320 F St. N. W. Above Brentano's PHONE NATIONAL 9113

## This Lunch Will Please You

All States lunches particularly appeal to students because there are always ample choices and pleasant variety from day to day. Portions are generous, yet the price is but 35 cents. Here's one of the special combinations for Wednesday:



Tomato Visque, Home Baked Beans with Boston Brown Bread, Meat and choice of Vegetable, Coffee, 35c

If you haven't yet been to the All States, remember to try this lunch to-morrow.

ALL STATES DINING SERVICE 514 19th STREET, Opp. Interior Department

## B. Greenberg

Jeweler and Silversmith 1734 Penna. Ave.

See our complete line of nationally advertised products and exquisite novelty jewelry.

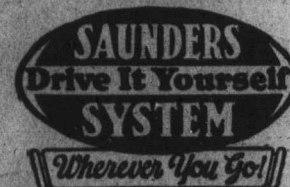
Special Discount to G. W. U. Students on Novelties, Fountain Pens, Etc.

## BE POPULAR



You're welcome anywhere in a Saunders System car. Drive one of our brand new Chryslers or Model A Fords on your next party or date. By sharing expenses two or more may have a fine large evening at small cost. Special low rates on long trips.

STUDENT DISCOUNT 1320 NEW YORK AVE. N. W. CAPITAL GARAGE SAUNDERS SYSTEM WASHINGTON CO., INC. V. O. BARNARD, Pres. PHONE METROPOLITAN 4662



## YOU CAN AFFORD TO RENT A CAR FROM US

There are times when you simply must have a car. These are exactly the times you will appreciate the convenience and economy of Milestone service. No red tape to it! Just select the car you prefer and drive it away as you would if it were your own.

Come in and learn how easy it is to rent a fine car.



730 13th Street N. W. METROPOLITAN 5555 NO DEPOSIT FOR A GEORGE WASHINGTON STUDENT



## An Advance Guard Christmas Present for Our Customers

PATRONS were surprised the other day to find the Commerce dining room decked out with new and more comfortable tables. They are the finest we could buy.

This week we are adding another section to the steam table in order to make our menu even more varied.

TOM GREENBANK, Mgr.

Commerce Cafeteria 724 18th

EVERY WED., SAT. AND SUN., CHICKEN DINNER 50c



## 'Be Yourself,' Says Marvin In Speech

Commerce and Economics Fraternity Addressed by President and Professors

To be yourself in your actions and your thinking was the essence of the challenge given by President Cloyd Heck Marvin to the 30 members and pledges of the Commerce and Economics Fraternity, and members of the Economics faculty who attended the first annual banquet of this organization Saturday night at the University Club.

Dr. Marvin emphasized individual work in universities such as is done in graduate schools. The classroom is merely the beginning of education. The university is the conservator of knowledge. "It is in the rarified atmosphere of research work beyond the classroom where individuality may be expressed. You must have the courage to dare to go into the twilight zone of controversy, and express yourselves."

Professor Richard N. Owens in response to the welcome of Douglas Taylor, president of the fraternity, pointed out the growing importance of Economics and Commerce in the curriculum of the School of Government. He stated that the emphasis is shifting from foreign service to economics and commerce.

Professor John Donaldson expressed enthusiasm over the activities of the fraternity in developing student interest in the increasingly important field of Economics. Other talks were made by Professor H. G. Sutton and Professor Ralph Kennedy.

Richard C. Marks, charter member, speaking for the fraternity, urged greater participation by the members in public affairs. "American university men can well profit by the example set by students in other countries, who actively engage in national affairs while they are still in the university."

Seven students were pledged previous to the banquet. They are Gordon Stewart, Harold Olin, Fred E. Waller, Nixon, Robertson, Wilkie, and Green.

## "Happy Landings" Opens At McKinley Auditorium

(Continued from Page 1)  
James, while Hugh Buckingham, John Perry, Samuel Detwiler and Harold Stepler compose the male quartette. Another feature will be an accordion solo by Dan Bestie.

Tap routines, the variety drag, novel formations, and high kick steps are only part of the repertoire of the three choruses, who have been rehearsing three or four times weekly since the first of October, under Christine Spignul's direction. The final roster of the chorus is as follows: In the tall group, Kathleen Watkins, Virginia Hawkins, Jane Menefee, Ruth McNary, Bernice Wall, Dorothy Wilson, Hilda James, Margaret Maxwell, Jane Hughes, Platonka Papps, Helen Sherkey, and Betty Reynolds; in the middle chorus, Virginia Mahurin, Ruth LaFont, Edwina Seal, Shirley Graft, Luffy Jacobs, Peggy Evans, Louise Monroe, Marian Rittenour, Jane Caskey, Betty McGowan, and Adele Meriam; in the small group, Amanda Chittum, Betty Rose, Marcia Stauffer, Janey Allen, Billie Solomon, Harriet Doktor, Mae Leeslitzer, Evelyn Switzer, Marguerite Thomas, Betty Bacon, and Christine Spignul.

The girls who will model in the style show are Pauline Schaub, Gertrude Price, Lee McNeil, Betty Jacobs, Betty Shipp, Doris Troth, Peggy Padgett, Clara Gritchfield, Barbara Jones, Edith Miah, Harriet Atwell, and Adele Gusack. Frank R. Jellef, Inc., is furnishing the clothes.

Vice President Charles Curtis heads the list of patrons. They are:

President and Mrs. Cloyd Heck Marvin, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Alken Aspinwall, Mr. Douglas Putnam Birnie, Mr. and Mrs. Abram Lisner, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Riborg Mann, Mr. and Mrs. Karl Wm. Corby, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Cassell Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Grosvenor, Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Wm. Noyes, Judge John Barton Payne, Mr. John Henry Cowles, Mr. Julius Garfinkel, Mrs. Henry A. Strong, Mr. Chief Justice and Mrs. A. A. Wheat.

Provost and Mrs. William Allen Wilbur, Dr. and Mrs. Charles E. Hill, Dr. and Mrs. Henry Gratton Doyle, Dr. and Mrs. Willard H. Yeager, Dr. and Mrs. John R. Lapham, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Paul Briggs, Dr. and Mrs. Warren Reed West, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Whitney Bolwell, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Barrows.

Dr. and Mrs. John Donaldson, Dr. and Mrs. Robert H. Harmon, Mr. and Mrs. John Paul Earnest, Dr. and Mrs. Wm. J. Mallory, Major Pelham D. Glasford, Dr. and Mrs. Joseph F. Beattie, Mr. and Mrs. Larz Anderson, Miss Mabel Boardman, Col. and Mrs. Walter C. Clephane, Miss Elizabeth Cullen, Miss Janet McWilliams, Mr. and Mrs. Leander McCormick Goodhart, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Parker, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Barnes, Mr. Frank B. Noyes, Miss Marcelle Le Menager, Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Flagg Bemis, Mrs. Chase, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Owens, Sarah Stokes Halkett, Mrs. Daniel C. Miss Ednah A. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. James O. Murdock, Prof. Edward H. Behrt, His Excellency Felipe A. Espil.

### Air Director

Davidson College has its name printed on the roof of the largest building on the campus for the benefit of air mail pilots on the New York-Atlanta route.

## Championship Rose Bowl Team Plays Here Saturday

(Continued from Page 1)

Tide's 1931 outfit, is a big bruising back and will take Cain's place at full. John "Flash" Suther will have the left half-back post and he is probably the outstanding man in the Tide's backfield. His nick-name portrays quite adequately his actions on the field of battle. At right half will be Ralph McRight, whose excellent blocking has accounted for many of the long gains of his mates during the 1930 season.

Characterized as a dynamo of energy and a great open field runner, John "Monk" Campbell, the Alabama's quarterback, will pit his knowledge of the tricks of the gridiron against George Washington, Georgetown, and Catholic U. "Monk" Campbell's hips have become notorious throughout the south as being among the most elusive pair in the Southern Conference.

Besides this imposing list of stellar performers, the Tide possesses a goodly number of fine reserves. Playing against three teams that will undoubtedly give everything they have, Alabama will have a need for such strong reserve power.

G. W. Has High Hopes  
Turning to a brief appraisal of the three local eleven who are having stiff drills in preparation for the fracas, they will be taken up in the order that they meet Alabama, George Washington University, after emerging from its most successful football season since the famous "Iron Man" eleven of 1927, is pointing toward the charity contest with a view to holding the Southern's scoreless and obtaining at least one touchdown. Although the Colonials have the toughest spot in the program, they are determined to make the best showing. With two such redoubtable wingmen as Wayne Chambers and Fred Mulvey, linemen such as Stewart and Blackstone, and with Carlin and Carter scintillating in the backfield, the 'Bamans' will have to strive mightily for every yard.

Catholic University, likewise, has enjoyed a most successful schedule, losing only one game to Boston College. The Cardinals, also eager to outshine the other two District outfits, are sacrificing their opening basketball contests to the sake of charity. This is necessitated by the fact nine of Catholic U.'s gridmen represent the main cogs of the Cardinal quint. On the forward wall C. U. A. will present two strong, fast, and powerful grid-ders who will probably bother the Southerners on many plays. Monaco and Gross, tackle and end respectively, have shown some sterling football in the Cardinal's last winning streak of 8 games straight. Whalen's brilliant open field running should prove a feature.

The 1931 gridiron season unfortunately punctuated by numerous injuries, partially accounting for a number of its defeats, Georgetown expects to enter the charity grid fray with its full physical power. Ray Hudson, touted by some as the outstanding football star of the District, will offer plenty of snags to any 'Baman coming around his end.

## Swimming Team Competes In Municipal Meet Friday

(Continued from Page 3)

Coach Layman states that he expects Max Rote to win both the 50-yard free style and the 100-yard back stroke events. Rote was a star performer on the 1930-31 Colonial swimming team and it is thought that he will easily eclipse his record of last year. It is hoped that the G. W. ites will capture second and third places in the 100-yard breast-stroke swim.

Colonial entrants in the 50-yard free style dash will include Rota, Garrett, Lipman, R. McMillen, and Burnside. Rote, C. McMillen, Creyke and Lane will swim in the 100-yard back stroke event, and Kingsley, Trammel, Samuels, Royce, and Madison will be entered in the breast-stroke dash.

Gale Heslip and Albert Love are to be entered in the fancy diving. Heslip is showing remarkable form and can be counted on to bring some first-place scores into the Colonial scoring columns this season.

## Chemical Fraternity Holds Annual Dinner

Racquet Club Scene of Alpha Chi Sigma's Tri-Chapter Banquet

The fourth annual tri-chapter banquet of Alpha Chi Sigma, national professional chemical fraternity, was held at the Racquet Club, Saturday, December 5. The affair, sponsored by the Washington, Maryland, and George Washington chapters of this organization, was attended by about 50 members.

Speakers of the evening were Dr. G. S. McBride, of Beta chapter, and Dr. K. S. Markley, counselor for the southern district of the fraternity. Talks were also given by Professor B. D. Van Evers, of George Washington University; Dr. Malcolm M. Harring, of the University of Maryland; Dr. Raymond M. Hann, of the Washington professional chapter, and representatives of the two collegiate chapters. Harry Newton acted as toastmaster.

After the banquet, the evening was devoted to cards, ping-pong, and billiards.

## The New Italian American Restaurant

LUNCH 50c AND 75c DINNER 75c AND \$1.00

918 17th Street N. W.

# Made FRESH

## never parched, never toasted

# CAMELS are KEPT Fresh!

You probably know that heat is used in the treatment of all cigarette tobaccos.

But you know too that excessive heat can destroy freshness and fragrance.

That's why there could be no truly fresh cigarette except for scientifically developed methods of applying heat.

Reynolds is proud of having discovered and perfected methods for getting the

benefits of heat treatments and still avoiding ever parching or toasting.

With every assurance we tell you, Camels are truly fresh. They're made fresh—not parched or toasted—and then they're kept fresh in the Camel Humidor Pack.

If you wish to know why the swing to Camels is nationwide and steadily growing—switch to them for just one day—then leave them, if you can.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

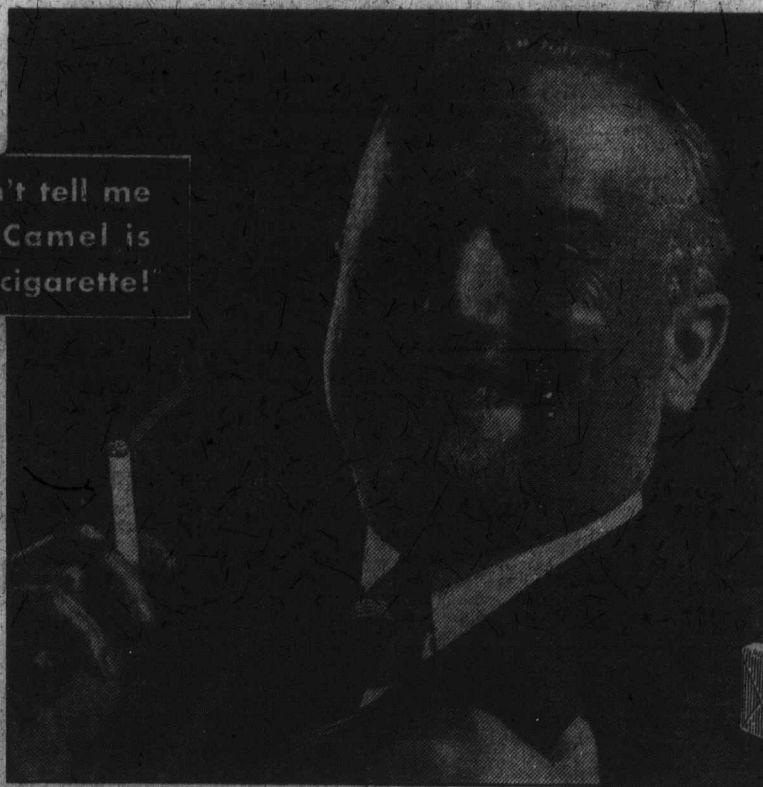
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company's  
Coast-to-Coast Radio Programs

CAMEL QUARTER HOUR, Morton Downey, Tony Wons, and Camel Orchestra, direction Jacques Renard, every night except Sunday, Columbia Broadcasting System

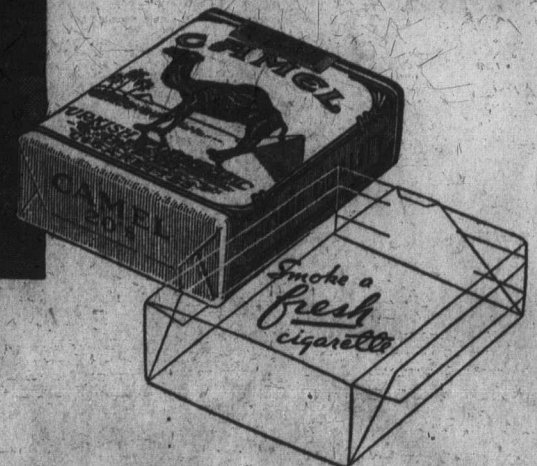
PRINCE ALBERT QUARTER HOUR, Alice Joy, "Old Hunch," and Prince Albert Orchestra, direction Paul Van Loan, every night except Sunday, N. B. C. Red Network

See radio page of local newspaper for time

You needn't tell me  
—I know Camel is  
the fresh cigarette!



Don't remove the moisture-proof wrapping from your package of Camels after you open it. The Camel Humidor Pack is protection against sweat, dust and germs. In offices and homes, even in the dry atmosphere of artificial heat, the Camel Humidor Pack delivers fresh Camels and keeps them right until the last one has been smoked



# CAMELS

Made FRESH—Kept FRESH



## New Cleves Cafeteria

Well Received by G. W.

A great many George Washington students were patrons of Cleves Cafeteria last Tuesday, the day of the opening in the new location, 1715 G Street. For ten years the Cleves was located at 1819 G Street and in the past has been most successful in catering to University students.

The splendidly decorated dining room and modern kitchen are the result of the handiwork of Mrs. Ruth Cleves Justice.

the  
CIRCLE  
THEATRE

Home of the Mirror Screen

2185 Penn. Ave. N. W.

Latest DeForest Sound Equipment

"THE ROAD TO RENO," Tuesday, Wednesday, Lilyan Tashman, "Buddy" Rogers in a story of the modern divorce mill.

"DAUGHTERS OF THE DRAGON," Thursday, Friday, Anna May Wong, Warner Oland, Sessue Hayakawa and big cast.

"SUNDOWN TRAIL," Saturday, Tom Keene, Marion Shilling. A great picture of the great outdoors.

"REBOUND," Next Sunday, Monday, Ina Claire, Robert Ames, Myrna Loy, Donald Ogden Stewart's smart, sparkling comedy for everyone bound for matrimony—or bound by it. Every woman should see this fascinating picture.

## SELECTED SHORT SUBJECTS

Save Time  
Raise Grades

Here's a helpful ally that will rob your written work of its tediousness—you don't have to take our word for it—ask anyone who owns one. Or better, call us at District 1680 and we'll arrange for you to see for yourself.

The UNDERWOOD PORTABLE will save your time and add to the effectiveness of your essays, notes, and term papers.

Standard  
Keyboard  
Term  
Payments

Underwood

Typewriter Co.

1413 New York Ave.

The  
Hay-Adams  
House

16th and H Sts. N. W.

Invites all G. W. U. fraternities, sororities, clubs and societies to hold their business or social meetings at the hotel. Beautiful drawing rooms set aside for the purpose without charge.

Nathan Sinrod, Manager

## Announcements

## "Happy Landings" Tickets

Reserved seat tickets for "Happy Landings" at \$1.50 and \$1 are on sale at booths in Corcoran and Stockton Halls, and at Edith Reed's Song Shop, 606 18th St. N. W., every day this week, from 12 to 1; and 6 to 6:10.

## Physics Club

Meeting of the Physics Club in J-14, Thursday, December 9, at 8:15 p. m. Dr. Thomas B. Brown, professor of Physics, will talk on Thermionic Emission.

## German Club

Meeting of the German Club Friday, December 11, at 8 o'clock in the Alpha Delta Theta sorority rooms, Building M. Mr. Emile Beckman will speak on his experiences while traveling in Germany.

## Mortar and Pestle

Members of Mortar and Pestle will have an all day outing at Dean Briggs' country place on the Severn River Friday, December 11.

## Swimming Club

Swimming Club will meet Tuesday, December 15, at 8:30 at the Y. W. C. A.

## Rifle Practice

Special rifle practice every Saturday from 11 to 5 for members and tentative members of the girl's varsity.

## Class Basketball

This is the last week for girls interested to report for class basketball. Practices are Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday at 1 o'clock, for freshmen and juniors, and the same days at 2 o'clock for sophomores and seniors.

## Luther Club

The Luther Club will give a Christmas party tonight at 8:30 at Christ Lutheran Church, Sixteenth and Gallatin Streets N. W. All students are invited. Tickets are 25 cents. The program will include games, skits, music and refreshments.

## Lost—Camel's Hair Coat

A brown camel's hair coat, single breasted, 3 button, half-belt in back, was taken Wednesday, December 2, in Building J on the second floor. There is a label on inside pocket bearing name of Young Men's Shop, and also a label under the hanger of the coat with a picture of a camel, saying Fine Camel Hair. Kindly return to Mr. Merry in the lost and found department. Reward, \$5.

## Liberal Club

Mr. H. Bundy, teacher of journalism and authority on journalistic matters, will speak on "Freedom of the Press" before the Liberal Club at 8 p. m. Saturday, December 12, at the home of Dr. T. S. Harding in Mt. Rainier.

The lecture by Roger Baldwin scheduled for this week has been postponed indefinitely.

## Library Books

The list of additions to the University Library during the month of November has been posted on the bulletin board just outside the library door in Building J. Students who have library problems which the assistants cannot help them to solve, are urged to get in touch with Mr. Mason or Mrs. Roth, the assistant librarians.

## Zeta Tau Alpha Dance

A subscription dance will be given by Zeta Tau Alpha Saturday, December 19, in Corcoran Hall. Price: One dollar, couple or stag.

## W. A. A. Board

Next meeting of the W. A. A. Board will be Wednesday, December 9, at noon, Building R.

## Intramural Board

Next regular meeting of the Intra-

mural Board will be Monday, December 14, at 12 o'clock, Building R.

## Eagle Scouts

The third meeting of the group which plans to petition Alpha Sigma Eta will be Wednesday, December 9, at 8 p. m. in Corcoran Hall 32. Officers will be elected, enrollment will be completed, and the list of members will be submitted to the national council. Lin C. Drake, district scout commissioner, will be present.

All Eagle Scouts of the University are requested to attend.

## Dramatic Critic to Speak

Miss Wilson, noted theater critic, will address a group of students interested in plays, on Washington's finest dramas, at tea, December 9 at 8 p. m. under the chairmanship of Lenore L. Romny, former G. W. Student. This meeting, she feels, should be of special interest since it comes at the beginning of the winter theater season here.

## El Club Espanol

Mr. Hector Lazo will address El Club Espanol December 11 in Corcoran Hall 22 at 8 p. m.

## Gamma Eta Zeta

Meeting of Gamma Eta Zeta Friday, December 11, at 12 o'clock in the Alpha Delta Pi rooms.

Women's Education Club will meet at Lambie House Friday evening at 8.

Meeting of the Y. W. C. A. at 12 noon on Thursday, December 10, in C. H. 29.

Orchestra will rehearse for its Christmas production in C. H. 10 at 7:30 p. m. Thursday, December 10.

A. Stanley Young Locates  
Child Sociology Classrooms

A. Stanley Young, associated with the Sociology Department of the University, has established a playground with classrooms located in all parts of the city. This is an experiment in training children of grammar age to be extroverts. Mr. Young has made a special study of children at New York University and is greatly interested in aiding the development of personality in the child during childhood.

Colonials, Cardinals, Terps  
Make All-Star District Team

(Continued from Page 3)  
of his fine defensive work and smashing offense.

As for the guards on this all-star team, Carl Davis, of Maryland, and Dubofsky, of Georgetown, have no competition. Krajcovic, one of the main factors in the Terrapins holding the Kentucky eleven to a tie, is an All-Southern selection, while Dubofsky showed such power in the line as to gain All-American mention. Both of these men were responsible for the great acclaim accorded the backfield men of their respective teams, as they were the main cogs in opening up the holes for the backs to plunge through.

The call for the center position was aptly filled by the exceptionally good player, Blackstone, of George Washington. He is a fine passer and plays well on both offense and defense.

## Chalmers Is Brilliant

In the backfield the stars of the teams shine forth more than in any other place. The most outstanding from this year's eleven begin with Chalmers, the brainy little quarterback for the Terrapins. He is one of the best triple threat men to be found in this section. He is also one of the most consistently good players on the team.

Whelan, at half, is the high point scorer for the District and stands well up among the leaders for national honors. He is one of the best broken field runners to be seen in this section for some time. It is in the role of ball carrier that he shines and which earned him the post at half. Carlin, at the other half position, is another triple threat man. His kicking has been the shining light for the Colonials this season. As a plunger and passer he stands among the best. His generalship of the Colonials showed his clever head work, but the consistent Chalmers somewhat overshadowed him in that line of teamwork.

Poppelman, the husky Maryland fullback and the fastest runner of them all, takes his place among the mighty. In the last game of the season, he scored three touchdowns for his henchmen. He is one of the hardest hitting plungers of local circles.

## Mulvey on Second Team

To go to the second team, the end positions are taken by Mulvey of G. W. and Pease of Maryland. Mulvey is one of the best and the shade of difference between Chambers and himself can hardly be discerned. El Katalinas, of Georgetown, and Carliss, of Maryland, assume the tackle positions, and as the ends are not far behind those on the first team. The jobs of guarding go to Monaco, voted the most valuable man on the C. U. team, and to Stewart, the versatile guard of the Colonial squad. Catholic University places another man in the line at center, Ambrose, who has done noteworthy work for his eleven.

Oliver, versatile quarter for the Cardinals, shines forth in the same role on the second team. Berger and Carter, playing the half roles, are both valuable men and fit into the picture of an all-star team. Bordeau, Georgetown's bid to fame, took a mighty beating during the season, bearing the brunt of the enemy attack and doing some of the best plunging of any player this year.

Medical Aptitude  
Test December 11

## Examination Is Admission Requirement to Most Medical Schools

The Medical Aptitude Test of the Association of American Medical Colleges will be given at George Washington at 3 p. m. on Friday, December 11, in Building W, room 29, under the supervision of Dr. Fred Moss. Since this test is a normal requirement for admission to practically all medical schools, and will not be given again this year, all students who expect to apply for entrance by next fall should take the test at this time.

This test will require slightly less than two hours. Each student should bring with him two well-sharpened pencils, and the fee of one dollar to defray necessary expenses of the Association in the preparation, administration, and interpreting of the tests. Students are requested to be in their seats promptly so that the fee may be collected, papers distributed, and all may begin the test simultaneously without confusion, and under the most favorable conditions.

## Six-Part Test Last Year

Aptitude Tests were adopted by the Association of American Medical Colleges in October, 1930, and were administered throughout the United States for the first time last year. Last year's test contained the following six parts: Scientific Vocabulary, Pre-Medical Information, Comprehension and Retention, Visual Memory, Memory for Content, and Understanding of Printed Material. This year's tests will be very similar in nature and will involve the general principles underlying last year's test. The actual question content, of course, will be different.

Giving Aptitude Tests to thousands of students in hundreds of colleges, and subsequently grading the tests, presents formidable difficulties involving well-organized supervision, expert service of those familiar with aptitude tests and considerable expense. The problem is being solved by sympathetic cooperation of educators in both colleges and medical schools. The cost is covered by a nominal charge of \$1 from each student for the test. All papers are graded by the Committee of the Association of American Medical Colleges and the results compiled in book form and reported in confidence to the deans of all Class A medical schools in America.

The tests are used by the admissions officers of the medical schools as one of the criteria in admitting students. Study of the test results has shown that the Aptitude Test can be relied upon to prognosticate the future success of students in the medical school more accurately than any other method used heretofore in the selection of students. The tests, however, are only one criterion for admission to the various medical schools. The student's scholastic record in his pre-medical training, his character, the consensus of opinion of those teachers who know him, and the impression he makes upon the members of the Committee on Admissions—all will continue to be carefully considered in deciding whether he will be admitted.

## Sport Axe

(Continued from Page 3)  
the Rose Bowl Tournament and supplemented by a few of the outstanding players of the 1931 aggregation.

The Alabamans arrive here Thursday morning and will repair to the Harrington Hotel where they will reside during their stay in the Capital. Thursday afternoon the Crimson Tide will hold a practice in the Griffith Stadium to which the public is invited.

With the end of the football schedules comes the season outburst of all "something" teams. The ones that other students of George Washington and myself are interested in are the all-District elevens. The three I have seen appear in the Evening Star, by R. D. Thomas, in the Tower (Catholic University), by the sports editor in collaboration with certain sport writers of District news sheets, and the one in the Hatchet, by our own Wally Schutt, sports editor.

They deserve a wee bit of comment. As for the outfit chosen by R. D. Thomas of the Star I have only a word to say and that is that Nally of Catholic U. should occupy the tackle position in lieu of Carliss of Maryland. As for the eleven chosen by the Tower (C. A. U.), the predominance of athletes from Catholic University on the team shows that a sense of fairness was missing. And when the gentleman or gentlemen left "Mush" Dubofsky of Georgetown off the first eleven, poor judgment was shown. "Mush" was chosen for All-American mention by the All-American Board of football this year. Mighty poor judgment on the part of the Tower.

The Harrington Hotel has made provision for accommodating the squad of the Crimson Tide by acquiring feather beds for their comfort and hiring a real southern chef to appeal to culinary tastes. A special rate has been accorded the Southerners in the interest of charity.

Winning five, tying one, and losing two, marks the most successful season of George Washington football since 1927 when the "Iron Men" romped

Awards Made to Women  
Athletes at Sports Banquet

(Continued from Page 1)  
but the recent rainy weather prevented the tournament from being played off.

Edith Grosvenor, soccer manager and general chairman of the banquet, and Helen Swick, in charge of decorations, arranged the decorations so that each of the autumn sports had harmonizing effects.

Awards, made by Katherine McCallum, were as follows:

## HOCKEY AWARDS

Major Letter Stars	Katherine McCallum	Betty Garber
Minor Letter Stars	Helen Chafee	Louise Cox
Princess Bunker	Jane Von Lewinski	
Minor Letter Stars	Mary Haley	Jennie Garner
Minor Letter Stars	Mary Lou Watkins	Catherine Crane
Numerals	James McCallum	Chipman Osbourne
	Garber	Elfeldt
	Wilkins	Helfelower
	Von Lewinski	

## SOCCER AWARDS

Major Letter Stars	Katherine McCallum
Minor Letter Stars	Neva Ewin
Minor Letter Stars	Betty Garber
Minor Letter Stars	Frances Thompson
Minor Letter Stars	Edith Brookhart
Minor Letter Stars	Frances Thrasher
Minor Letter Stars	Eleanor Fisher
Numerals to Seniors (1932)	Kohn
	Rosenfeld
	Johnson
	Gray
	Von Lewinski

## TENNIS NUMERALS

Won by Juniors (1933)  
Katherine Waesman  
Helen Nordlinger  
Marjorie Crittenden

Social Science Men  
Dine At Mayflower

Turkish Ambassador to Be Guest of Pi Gamma Mu December 28

Pi Gamma Mu, national social science honor fraternity, is planning a banquet December 28, in the Chinese room of the Mayflower Hotel. His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador Ahmet Muhar Bey, will be the guest of honor. A number of members of Pi Gamma Mu, who will be in Washington for meetings of the American Economics Association and the American Political Science Association, are expected to attend the dinner.

Several George Washington students who were elected to the organization last term will be awarded their certificates of membership. Frank Weitzel is president of the G. W. chapter, and Dr. John Donaldson governor of the District of Columbia province of Pi Gamma Mu.

Through a tough schedule losing only two contests.

Looking forward to the basketball season, results purport to be promising with the acquisition of Lee Carlin and several other entirely new aspirants for the quint. An exceptionally hard schedule entailing contests with some of the leading basketballers of the country has been prepared.

## BE A NEWSPAPER

## CORRESPONDENT

Any intelligent person may earn money corresponding for newspapers; all or spare time; experience unnecessary; no canvassing; send for particulars. Hespeck, 525 Dun Blvd., Buffalo, N. Y.

Men like this 40c Coffee  
Pot Dinner

Soup with crackers, choice of meat, fish or oysters, two vegetables, hot rolls, choice of dessert, coffee, tea or milk. Try it once and you'll come back again.

Buy a meal ticket—\$3.30 for \$3; \$5.50 for \$5

Ham & Egg  
Sandwich  
10c



OPEN ALL  
NIGHT



1905 Penna. Ave.

STRAYER  
COLLEGE

721 Thirteenth St., Washington, D. C.



Supplement your liberal arts education with a specialized college-grade business training! Executive Secretarial courses qualify college students for responsible business positions.

Accounting and Business Administration courses leading to the B.C.S. and M.C.S. degrees offered in Strayer College of Accountancy. Able staff of C.P.A. instructors and attorneys at law.

Two Hundred Fifteen Colleges and Universities Represented by Annual Enrollment of 1600 Students.

Address Registrar for Catalog

A COLLEGIATE INSTITUTION  
For  
BUSINESS TRAINING

## SENIORS!

Photographs Now Being Made  
for the

1932 Bi-Centennial  
Cherry Tree

THE G. W. U. YEAR BOOK

Photographs being made every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening from 8 to 10 p. m. up to and including Tuesday, December 22nd.

CASSON STUDIO  
Official Photographer

907 Pa. Ave

Na. 5861



# The University Hatchet

## Monthly Literary Review

VOL. XXVIII, No. 12

DECEMBER 8, 1931

SECTION 2

### Beyond the Curriculum



**N** the *Ho Shao Hung Lien Ssu*, a mediaeval Chinese gangster novel, the bloodthirstiest wild cat-lickingest bravo of the band says: "I'm tough, I am. I don't believe in the Gods, and, anyhow, they're afraid of me. I'm a bad 'un. I'm so wild I never kowtowed to any living man, except—of course—my Tutor." This is typical of the position of the Teacher in China, a country which owes its civilizational longevity chiefly to the admirably high esteem in which learning and instruction are held. The reverence of the Chinese for the scholar is not being changed even by the Occidental influences that are now so hideously veneering everything in the East, especially in pathetic self-conscious renegade Japan. In the most modern types of Chinese universities (such as Nanking University), there is a bond of almost filial affection that makes possible profoundly sympathetic understanding between a faculty and a student-body who are separated by race, by ideals, by nationalities, and even by imperfect understanding on the part of the students of the language (English) used in the class-rooms.

The contrast between Nanking and conditions here at G. W. U. is amazing. Our university has students of the same race, the same language, the same residence and generally the same interests as those of the faculty. But the class-rooms on the whole serve for lecture-halls for orations that might perfectly well be listened to over the radio. The student-body usually affects a contemptuous-tolerant flippant attitude towards the faculty; the faculty in its turn is so engrossed in necessary little technicalities that very little time can be spared for any understanding of the students as individuals.

For example, companionable friendship between a faculty member and a student is so rare that the exceptions prove the rule exceptionally well. The student thinks it kowtowing to be interested in any faculty member as a human being. The faculty member is commonly deterred by the large size of his classes from having more than a rather hazy idea that a student over in the one corner is an impertinent windbag and that some other one is quite clever.

And yet this is the place of all places in education where contact and environment should strike deepest. The freshman is—whether he think so or no—a child. The senior is almost in complete adulthood. In these intervening four years, who has shaped his tastes, who has given him the qualities of gentlemanliness and scholarliness and tolerance, who has given him something that he can live for when he begins to realize the greatness of life's frustrations? The science-faculty may show him that man is not the great center of the universe. The English and foreign language departments may lead him part way

By PAUL M. A. LINEBARGER

through the five-foot shelf of books or teach him to read menus. The history classes will probably show him that the world was not created in 1776. But in general the student is left to haphazard influences, unless he joins the Y. M. C. A. or some other association of this type that seeks to provide such training. Indeed, the gym department is the only one in the whole university where the staff pays any considerable attention to the assistance of character training (and there only in a rather limited way). The gym

#### *In a G. W. Class*

*The professor is talking.*

*Rain is slapping the pavement.  
It is wet, and cool, and shining.*

*Words are stumbling into puddles.  
The Subject is without an umbrella.*

*The professor is talking  
to wet pavement.*

at least does something in inculcating good-sportsmanship, fairness, and mental-moral-physical cleanliness. But no one at all is going to give the student those influences that will determine what he thinks he lives for, what books he reads, what his diversions are, what he is politically and culturally. All this could and should be given in G. W. U. as it is in universities outside of English-speaking America.

What happens instead? The child just graduated from high school has a genuine diploma on his bedroom wall. He has friends who are already making money in the outside world. He is pathetically conceited and amusingly self-satisfied. The teachers in his senior year in high school permitted great informality in class, have taught him that he is to all practical purposes an adult. He comes here, expecting to find a sort of glorified seminar in our mysterious alabaster palaces of learning. Instead he is thrown into huge classes where personal contact with faculty members is almost impossible. He stays in with his own little clique who came here with him from high school or he picks up chance acquaintances. The hyper-formality of the lecture-halls makes

him decide that this whole matter of faculty dignity is a hoax. Since he dares not be familiar with the professor himself he speaks mock-familiarly derogatingly about the professor to the other students.

You can take a child of fourteen or fifteen and by mere talking make him a Communist or a Royalist; an obscene-minded nincompoop or an ardent idealistic hard-worker. There is no limit to the effects that the right kind of social-education can achieve. Properly, such character-training (or call it what you will), is the most vital function of the university. Actually, what started as class-room discipline in a less sober age has become a caste-system that divides the student from his instructors more firmly than even hatred ever could. Were it novel, this condition would be intolerable. Familiar to us as it is, there is still no excuse for so absurdly great a distance between the professor and the student.

Some of the efforts inaugurated during the last two years by the administration are beneficial in the extreme. The Independent-Study Plan, when put into more general use, will be a seven-league-boot step towards the master-apprentice teacher-disciple method of education. The Advisory System, though developed as an excellent supplementary roll of red tape, has great potentialities in its by-product—personal contact. But so far there is nothing of the real university life such as you would find it in Oxford, Munich, Bengal or Tsing Hua.

But what can be done to remedy this situation of seeming-distance and incomplete appreciation? There is not even a scapegoat to pounce on—neither the administration, nor the faculty, nor the student body can be separately blamed. There is no one idea that can be conveniently shelved as a panacea.

We must recognize officers, faculties, students—we must all of us realize that if the fault can be traced down to the basic root of lack of personal contacts with one another, the only thing to do is to seek more personal informal social relations between ourselves here in the university, however much a boring nuisance they may seem at first. Some of the things that would, by letting the students know the professors personally, best dispel this Pariah-Brahministic misunderstanding would be:

There are many interesting clubs (History, Languages, Columbian Debating), that with a little more faculty interest and on-the-same-level cooperation could be made to even more supplement and parallel curricular activities. This would have a stimulating effect on standards of scholarship. Some departments (English, for one) have no such club or other student organization. It would be a splendid thing for the faculty-members to encourage the formation of

(Continued on page 8.)



# Engagement Night

By MARY PORTER RUSSELL



LILA stopped drifting on clouds and began imagining that the bed was pushing her up, up, up, and that she was a lead weight pressing it down again. But that didn't work either. If she couldn't get some sleep she was going to have circles under her eyes. She tried making round black holes in the toes of her left foot and breathing through them very deeply. She was looking at a still, blue lake with swans and islands floating on it. The swans were bigger than the islands. You could lie on their backs and glide around over the water until you fell off on the bed again.

Something was the matter with her right foot. She couldn't make holes in the toes, and those in the left foot were disappearing. She hoped that didn't mean she was going to begin thinking again. She wouldn't think; there was no use. It was very funny to make holes in your toes. It would make you smile, if you felt like smiling.

Her feet lay before her, slim and high-arched and uncramped. They were prettier feet than the pair which shared the twin bed with her; prettier, too, than two other pairs of feet that were stretched out uncovered on the adjoining bed. There was something so comforting and dependable about feet. One couldn't look at hers and say, "She's twenty-five," and at the next and say, "She's twenty," and then skip to those on the other bed and say, "Here's another girl who's twenty, and this one's just eighteen." She looked at the three sleeping faces, and ran her fingers over her own face. That didn't feel different from theirs, either. She wanted to go over to the dresser and get a hand mirror and look, but she mustn't get so wide awake. She simply had to sleep this afternoon. Hadn't she stayed awake all last night, thinking and thinking what to do about Bob, and hadn't it been useless—just perfectly useless?

She wondered if she was getting different from the other girls, inside. Of course she couldn't be, not really, but she had been a little worried about it, lately. There was the matter of four of them being crowded on the two beds, for instance. They had come upstairs for their afternoon sleep, and she and Margery had undressed and closed the blinds on the sun and gone to bed, and Connie and Fay had come bounding in on them from their room across the hall and said, "We're going to sleep in here with you all." It was beastly hot to be jammed up like that and she had thought it very silly, but she hadn't said anything. She had told herself that she couldn't because the girls were her guests, but she knew the real reason was that she had once thought it fun to pile around on each other's beds and she wouldn't admit she had changed.

And yesterday when they had driven forty miles to Charlotte for finger waves because the Faithville beauty shop was so terrible, and had sat for an hour under the heat of the driers and driven home again, she hadn't wanted to stop by the club for a swim and get her wave out. But Connie had said, "Come on—let's. We can get some more waves tomorrow. And she was the only one who had objected.

The telephone trilled from below. "She isn't awake yet, Bob," her mother was saying. "Oh, that will be nice. I'll tell her."

Lila placed her fingers over her ears, then pushed her hands upward in a movement designed to lift something from her brain. She would not think about Bob. She reached for a palm leaf fan and began speculating on how much heat Connie's body was throwing out.

She was tired, she thought, of having company all the time when she wasn't visiting some one herself. She had been doing it for eight years now; eight summers—for it was the summers that counted. In the winters you just went to boarding school and after that to a girls' college, and then came home and stayed a year, and if you didn't get married were sent off to a conservatory to finish your music. Your family

didn't feel so bad about your getting older if they could keep you still a school girl. They could try to forget that every one in town knew the exact day you were born, anyhow.

It was during the summers that things happened. Girls from school invited you to visit them all over North Carolina and sometimes in Virginia; and you went to see them, and they came to see you, and you went to bridge parties in the mornings and slept in the afternoons and made yourself beautiful at night so the eligible men of the town would make love to you. There hadn't been a night this summer when Lila hadn't had a date. It was a record in Faithville for a girl twenty-five.

But she was through at the conservatory now, and August would change into September soon and September into October.

"When I was your age," her mother had said, "you were five years old." That was last night's beginning of the campaign in favor of Bob. Her proposals had been matters for family discussion for a long time now.

"Any one get serious?" her mother would ask when she got back from a visit.

"Well, sort of."

"Who?"

"Tom Henderson and Ray Fleming."

"Is Tom Ralph Henderson's son?"

## Unwanted

By LEE ANNA EMBREY

*If somehow, I could harden in my heart the gold  
Of these last autumn days against the old,  
Complaining year who stumbles on his way,  
Too soon to make his couch and toss his gray  
Oppressive blanket on the unmade hills;  
How might he draw his labored breath and moan  
his ills,*

*For I should fend them with the brightness of  
the past;*

*But in my heart I know this splendor will not last;  
And I, forgetting spended gold, will weep  
And help the dying year lie down to sleep.*

"Yes he is, Mother, and Ray's a new doctor in Winston-Salem. He's from Ohio."

"M-m-m. . . What's the matter with Tom?"

And you couldn't say, "Nothing except that he doesn't make a new person of me and a new world for me to live in." That would sound foolish when you were twenty-five years old and must do something pretty quickly now if you didn't want to share the fate of Aunt Sarah, who lived in a house down the street, all alone, and still kept her maiden name.

As far as Bob was concerned, it was still more impossible to find any reasonable excuse for not marrying him. She might as well go on and think about Bob. She would not try to sleep. She would make herself see all his admirable qualifications for the position of husband; she would convince herself that she would be lucky to get him. She closed her eyes and concentrated. . . . Bob.

But the most singular thing was happening. It had been like this all last night. That was not Bob she was looking at, but Paul. It was six years ago and she and Paul were out by the river. He had turned away from her suddenly and put his face in his hands, and when he looked up again it was the funny color a tanned face gets when it is white.

"I'm afraid I'm going to propose to you, Lila. If I do, you mustn't have me, dear. I don't want you to have me."

She looked at him and didn't move, and he looked away and kept on talking.

"I'm just a bum, Lila, and I'd make you miserable. I've chosen my life, and I've got to lead it. You see, I know myself, Lila. I've a right to make a wreck of my own life, but not of yours."

He kept on and on, and still she didn't move or speak. But inside her there was a battle, and it was tearing her apart. "Tell him you don't care what he is. Don't you see that he wants you" one side was saying, and the other: "He doesn't want the responsibility of a wife, you little fool, and he's letting you down easily."

She laughed all at once. "Really, Paul, you are breaking my heart."

But his eyes went through her, and she knew that he knew; and she hated him for it and loved him, too, and was sick with humiliation at his not doing anything about knowing, and thrilled with pride that she meant enough to him to cause him pain.

The clock in the downstairs hall struck five. Mother would be calling to them to get up soon.

The funny part of it was that she no longer loved Paul. It hadn't been more than two years till she had realized that it was not Paul she missed, but the something she had felt for him. Somewhere there was another Paul—a Paul who would put her first.

She sat up and threw her feet over the side of the bed. She was getting silly again. She was twenty-five years old.

She could hear her mother coming up the steps. Presently, she had come in and was standing over her.

"Nice sleep, darling?"

"Fine, thanks."

"Anything to tell me?"

"Not yet." Her mother's face looked worn. Lila felt responsible and was sorry. "You're sweet to worry about me, dear, but you mustn't."

"You mean everything to me, Lila."

"I know, Mother."

"Bob called. They've fixed up the boat club party for tonight and you're to leave at six." She started out. "You'd better wake the girls."

But they were already waking.

"Did I hear something about the boat club, Lila? Oh, how I love your town!" Connie was pushing yellow hair from her eyes.

"Who's Bob bringing for me?" asked Fay. "I didn't have a date."

"Frank Connors," said Lila.

"I don't like Frank," said Connie. "I don't like the way he kisses. Now, Duncan—"

Margery opened her eyes very wide and closed them again. There was a slight trembling of her chin.

"I don't see why you do it, Connie," said Fay. "Everybody knows men are old fashioned when it comes to picking wives. You can have all your kisses. I'll take the proposals."

"You can have the kisses and the proposals, too!" Margery's voice was quivering. "Who likes men, anyhow? I hate all of them!" She muffled her face in her pillow and began to cry.

Connie looked at Fay and winked. "This disillusioning world," she said, but she patted Margery on the shoulder. "Don't be a cry baby, infant." She joined Fay in a race for the shower bath.

Lila dressed swiftly. She felt a need for escape.

Gradually, Margery stopped crying.

"You'd better dress, honey," Lila told her when she was ready to go down. "They're coming at six."

"I'm not going," said Margery.

"Margery, you mustn't be like that. I think Connie was just kidding you about Duncan."

"Do you think I care about Duncan? Do you think I care who he kisses? I just don't feel well."

"Then I'll stay with you, Margery."

(Continued on page 6.)



# The Key

By LEROY CHARLES FLEISCHER

HE table in the east corner of the main dance floor of the Golden Eagle Night Club was like all the others, but because it was the only one that Sylvia could see from the coat room, it had a significant importance. It stood proudly, almost arrogantly, like a woman in ermine, flaunting its array of silver and wine glasses and looking down from its slightly raised corner as though the other tables were imitators.

And across its vain whiteness, like blood on snow, sprawled a red-faced man who nipped at the French pastry with lobster-like claws. His flabby cheeks puffed as he munched and his wet lips, sensuous and epicurean, smacked vigorously and continuously until even the meticulous waiter frowned. From the coat room, Sylvia saw him pause in his crunching to survey the cigarette girl from head to heel and to arch an eyebrow, disappointed in his expectations.

Three nights ago, this man first came to the Golden Eagle. He had frightened Sylvia with a possessive wink and an unnecessary touching of her hand which left her blood cold and knees limp. He had squeezed a dollar bill into her hand for checking his derby.

"A good hat," he boasted. "Fifth Avenue."

He showed her the shop's label and explained briefly the qualities which made good derbies different from ordinary ones. And as he talked to her, he toyed with a gold key which dangled from his watch chain. The key was too large for a scholastic emblem and too small for a country house. It was about the size of the key which the last coat room girl had displayed when she gave up her job and took an apartment—a beautiful apartment with French doors and orange drapes which everyone knew was more than she could afford. It was the sort of place about which the doorman accused Sylvia of dreaming when he saw a far-away gleam in her eye. And Sylvia, suspecting the doorman's thoughts, was careful not to blink a lash when the lobster man talked to her.

Tonight, the red-faced man twirled the key around his thumb and looked down at it, almost affectionately. He raised his eyes toward the coat room and caught Sylvia, unguarded, staring at him. She turned quickly and pretended to be engrossed in counting hat checks. When she finished her counterfeited task and retrieved her balance, she gave him a fleeting, nervous smile. From the perverted laugh he returned; it could be seen that he knew she kept no total.

The doorman, parading his brass buttons and white gloves down the lobby, came into the path of Sylvia's smile and construed it, either designedly or innocently, as intended for himself. His young face beamed out of the majesty of his uniform. He moved close to her and whispered over the counter: "Tonight, after work, may I take you home?"

And although she was tired and not in the mood to walk the distance, she nodded affirmatively. It was a part of the confusion. She could feel that the lobster man was still laughing.

The doorman resumed his grand position at the end of the lobby when a woman, scarcely more than a girl, stepped into the entrance. She glanced reverently at the doorman and gaudy walls as though she were entering a church. Apologetically, she placed her worn cotton coat before Sylvia and hurried down the stairs to the dance floor. She hesitated on the landing and timidly examined the rows of tables. She nodded



to the lobster man and exchanged a smile, his the more confident. And as she slipped into a chair held by the waiter, she moved her lips slightly and smiled faintly, uncertain whether or not one thanked employees. She sat rigidly on the edge of her chair. The lobster man pouted. The girl straightened the shoulders of her drab blouse and tucked the loose strands of her tinsel hair in back of her ears. The lobster man filled a wine glass and held it to her lips. With the emptying and filling of glasses the girl's aloofness melted.

Sylvia, half hidden behind the counter, gazed dreamily at them. She flinched when she saw the man unfasten the gold key from his watch chain and hand it across the table. The girl fumbled with the clasp of her purse and twice dropped the key before she could slip it into the mirror pocket. Then she reached for the wine glass.

The doorman, conscious of Sylvia's flinch, sidestepped to her and murmured: "And if you don't have to get home too early, we might have a beef stew at the Waldorf."

"Yes, we might," she smiled.

When the orchestra switched from a frenzied fox trot to a farewell waltz, Sylvia arranged the

coats on the hooks nearest the counter so that she might work rapidly and efficiently during the parting rush. She caressed the collar of a mink wrap and smoothed the back of a Russian sable. She sought out the derby and placed it next to the worn cotton coat. These two would be taken together.

After the last coat was taken and the lights of the lobby were darkened, Sylvia slipped her hand into the waiting arm of the doorman and headed for the Waldorf. She gave him her tips to carry; a handful of nickels and dimes and a dollar bill.

It was another week before the lobster man again puffed into the lobby of the Golden Eagle. The girl with the tinsel hair clung to his coat like a shell fish clings to a rock. She smiled patronizingly at the doorman. There was no hint of reverence. An ermine wrap was swung carelessly over her shoulders and seemed to lift her chin and freeze her nose. From the bottom of the wrap peeked two satin slippers with rhinestone buckles that sent shimmering lights across the red carpeted lobby.

Sylvia placed the ermine wrap and the derby hat on the same hook, keeping her amazed eye fixed on the tinsel woman who sublimely descended the stairs, lifting the train of an evening gown in a ring-covered hand. The tinsel woman patted the lobster man's claw as he held her chair.

Sylvia shuddered and looked to the doorman for relief.

"Tonight at the Waldorf?" was the best the doorman could say.

"Yes, John. Tonight at the Waldorf." And it was the Waldorf with John for many nights to follow. The beef stew and coffee gave her an imagined strength to walk the distance to her home. John disliked subways. Taxis were beyond his means. Walking, he told Sylvia, gave them intimacy and a chance to know each other, Sylvia agreed.

Sylvia usually agreed with the doorman. And thus he was rather jolted when Sylvia, on Christmas Eve, responded to his usual question: "Not tonight, John. I want to get home early."

And as she said this, they both looked down to the dance floor to see the red-faced man and his tinsel-haired partner, their heads close together, in a wine-created tete-a-tete.

The doorman slipped a small package, silk handkerchiefs, on the counter and sullenly walked away. Even the brass buttons and white gloves couldn't keep his dignity intact.

"Oh, John, you shouldn't have . . ." choked Sylvia, unwrapping the package. "You shouldn't . . ." But John was too far away to hear.

She pressed the handkerchiefs to her lips and peered over their soft edges to the corner table where a sparkling necklace lay next to a wine glass. The tinsel woman listlessly fingered the string and allowed the lobster man to claw at her hand. Her once pallid lips, blotched with rouge, glistened like fresh blood and curled into a half-smile of indifference.

The indifference of the tinsel woman took a tragic turn in Sylvia's mind when she discovered, on New Year's night, a hard lump in the folds of the ermine wrap. She fingered it, suppressed a curious urge to peek at it and then turned to look across to the table where the tinsel woman sat, staring absently into the dancers without seeing them. The more she gazed at the table, the more certain she was that the lump was a bottle, a small bottle, a very small bottle. She trembled at the thought.

(Continued on page 8.)



# Reception at the Institute

By HELENE A. L. KREUTZER

**T**HE bleak grace of the Institute's glass doors, something in their movements as they swung aside for groups of people, reminded the girl in gold brown velvet of the flanks of a greyhound. Beside them a black face bulged out of a tight, skyblue uniform. But she did not wait for the doorman to open them for her. She laid her fingers lightly on the bronze handle of one of them, and pressed her own shimmering flank against the glass. The door responded with aloof dignity. As she went through it reflected lace at her wrist, and warm glow of velvet. Then the doorman laid his big hand familiarly on the glass, thick fingers outspread. They were damp and the glass clouded around them. There was a blurred reflection of skyblue cuff and a black wrist. Higher up, terribly clear, were reflected two wide rows of yellow teeth in bulging, pinkish-black gums. The door closed, with aloof dignity.

Slowly the girl, and her sister, and her sister's husband, went down the hall.

The reception began to come to them. At first just snatches of it. At the end of the long hall a streak of colors seemed to come out of one wall and melt into the one opposite. A tilted waiter, his arm a crooked stem for a flat silver flower, another waiter, flapping the napkin in his hand so that he looked like half a bird with a ragged wing, both melted into the wall. Then they began to hear a sound, a roar as elemental as the roar of fire, or the sea, or raging winds. A chorus of several hundred tigers would sound like that, thought the girl in velvet.

The drawing room at the right was the basin out of which this roar overflowed. As they plunged in, and the first shoulder brushed against her own, she almost expected to see a splash go up. A splash of sound? No. Just a swirl of heads, an eddy of chins, a widening circle of rippling shoulders. "Good afternoon." "Good afternoon." "Good afternoon." Could anything be more stupid? Someone said wasn't this an interesting group. Intellectual people. Nice looking. Really fine. The eyes of the girl in velvet saw first a bald old gentleman blowing his nose, then a very young man whose Adam's apple moved up and down in his long thin neck, while he blushed. "Oh, yes, very interesting."

She suddenly thought again of her chorus of tigers. That was amusing. She could see them, huddled together, with a very large tiger in front of them. Would he sit up and wave his paws as they roared? No. Men did that. Tigers had beautiful long tails that moved so much more supply. He would sit on his haunches before the several hundred tigers, his back to them. He would look over his shoulder at the glossy rope of a tail. At first just the tip would twitch to the rhythm of the roaring. All the tigers would be watching that tail. After a while he would stand up and lash it and glare at them, snarling. And they would roar louder, harder. How did tigers look when they roared like that? She tried to see, and discovered that they had sheepish, self-conscious faces. Tigers. Tigers.

"I am with the Associated Press." It seemed proper to say, "How interesting," politely, enthusiastically, while a red gold mist of tigers melted away. So this was the person who was with the Associated Press. One expected to find the Press itself standing fatuously beside her after the way she said it. How did one talk to people like that? Oh, yes. "How long have you been with the Associated Press?" "For three years," said the person deftly snapping a corner off a flimsy sandwich. Three years. It was appalling. A few more neat snaps and the sandwich was gone. Devoured, so to speak, by the Associated Press. There were still a few crumbs clenched between her fingers. "Yes, three years," the person repeated, dropping them into a cup of thick round lips, and staring hard at the girl in gold brown velvet.

Had she had tea, a strange man inquired tenderly. He was so distressed when she said no, that it almost seemed cruel to have said it. Anything else would have been more decent and less stark. But it was too late. He was off. She could see his back struggling through a heaving mass of backs and shoulders and breasts. The place where the tea was kept one could not see, only the tips of the quietly burning candles that stood there. Soon the man was back, holding something, stretching his chin, standing on his toes, drawing his chubby body as much as possible into length. Beaming he handed her a cup of tea and rushed off again.

She was glad to have tea. It was golden brown and warm and spicy. Above all it was real in this dreamlike and fantastic room that seemed to have no beginning or end, that seemed to swing in space, to have been always swinging in space, with people in it that jostled each other, nodding, gesturing, grimacing and shouting.

"Is that your Hungarian?" asked her sister. It was. But why her Hungarian. Did having dinner with a Hungarian, and then telling about her, give one ownership? Besides, this was not much like the Hungarian of the other evening. That Hungarian had been a fascinatingly unkempt creature, with superbly miserable eyes and a royally indifferent manner of speaking. This

Hungarian was a sleek, well-groomed, Grand Dame, with pretty gestures, and ugly narrowed eyes, that pried important faces out of the mass and fawned on them. They discovered her. "I ride, and we will ride together often, eh?" she smiled intimately and went on. Ugh. Goulash.

Someone behind her was saying her name. That professor she had met the other day. That was nice. She hardly knew him but she might have expected to find him here. He was smiling at her in a way that told her that he could appreciate gold brown velvet and lace at the wrists. Understood how one could blend with them. He knew also that she liked and wanted his appreciation. A happiness came into their eyes and voices and a few shreds of conversation became a shimmering, lovely stuff that delighted them both. The girl felt herself flow into the velvet. Looking into his eyes she guessed that he would have liked to kiss her fingertips and say phrases as light and romantic as a perfumed handkerchief falling in the moonlight.

Her sister was saying her name. Her husband's friend, at whose invitation they were there, had come up to them. The professor's friends were signalling to him also. It had been pleasant. Gracefully their eyes thanked each other as they turned away.

The girl in the gold brown velvet turned to this other man, this friend of her sister's husband, thinking, "Now this is the reason I have come. This is the man that I have been waiting to see all the time." And suddenly she felt cold. A smile that she had meant to be a lovely smile grew stiff. What had happened to his eyes, to his voice? She had met him the other evening. Unceremoniously and passionately he had talked about music. The room had been full of symphonies and the voices of great singers. She had dreamed about him that night. The next day he had haunted her. His heavy black eyebrows and the sadness in his eyes when he had said, "Why did I not try to become a great singer? I was too much of a realist." And now there he was. But his eyes were hard and his voice flat, and a jeering devil seemed to look out of his face and thumb his nose at her. Her eyes begged him not to make fun of shimmering, gold-brown velvet. He only seemed to become more impudent.

Now she was angry. Coldly she greeted the dozen or so young men and women that he brought up. They all seemed to be nice and the sort of people one liked, but she said little to them and that little was senseless and stupid. She felt rather sorry for a very well bred and intelligent young Jew, who looked at the velvet and seemed puzzled and unhappy, and finally, she noticed, rather disgusted, that it should be on an awkward and confused sort of girl.

They were shown the Institute. There was talk of books that just had been, or were being written. Members of the Institute's staff were pointed out and commented on. A corner in front of a fireplace was discovered with room enough for all of them. Someone brought a fresh platter of sandwiches. Someone else more tea. Talk. Talk. But the girl in the gold brown velvet was frozen. She hardly even listened.

She watched the firelight play on the velvet. Golden fire lay in her lap, and burned against her knees. Gradually it began to burn away some of her coldness and contempt. Out of its warmth she heard a voice say, "I am with the Associated Press." Without looking, she knew the person was smirking, and snapping at a sandwich. She did look, and saw black eyebrows go up over sad eyes. The friend of her sister's husband was saying, "How interesting. How long have you been—"

Realism, thought the girl in gold brown velvet, smiling as she lifted her fingertips as if to be kissed, and watched the lace at the wrist fall back.





# The Painted Screen

By LOUISE KELLEY

MRS. MELCHER invited Frances Clarence to lunch on Friday to talk about it. Frances painted and Verna painted, so that presumably the one would have an insight into the peculiarities of the other. In addition Frances and Verna were old acquaintances. This last factor, however, was a qualified asset, since Frances might regard her friendship for Verna as an obstacle to declaring her mind fully to Mrs. Melcher, that is, in criticizing Verna's conduct with the fullest freedom. But, after all, a luncheon for two was not such a great outlay; Mrs. Melcher had to lunch somewhere under any circumstances.

Of course she did not have to dine at the "Pink Chanticleer" under any circumstances. But it stood to reason that Frances would relax her vigilance of honor with less strain if she were being served chilled dantaloupe than if cold cocoa were placed before her. You had to play up to these artist people. She could never understand how such a sensible boy as her son could fall so easily into the clutches of one. Unless it was the old story of the attractions of an older woman . . . Well, Frances Clarence knew just how old Verna was, being the same age herself, so there would be no playing around the outskirts of that cold fact. And Donald was just a child—why, Frances could probably be brought to remember, with a little prodding, the birthday dinner when he had been given his first razor, his father's razor that had been put away for him with the rest of Mr. Melcher's male property.

There was Frances coming now. If Donald had only taken a fancy to her it would not have lasted this long. Anyone as indifferent to appearances as Frances, could never hold a man for any length of time. She had to say for Verna that she knew how to dress. How she had contrived to keep her figure small and slim as she grew older was indeed a mystery. Though it must be remembered that Verna had never raised a family—just indulged herself and played at being an artist. However, you couldn't expect a boy like Donald to draw fine distinctions like that.

"Hello, Frances! . . . no, not so very long. I like to go places early and select my table. Is this all right?"

"It's delightful! It's so very attractive I shall probably dawdle over my lunch to draw out the time!"

"That's quite all right with me. I have a lot to say to you . . ."

Mrs. Melcher waited, however, to say her "lot" until the meringues were placed before them . . . She let Frances manoeuvre one reluctant morsel to her mouth, then began. Always start talking when the other person has his mouth full, was one of her principles of attack.

"I want to talk to you about Don and Verna. You've heard . . . haven't you?"

Frances nodded. The principle of attack prevented further elucidation.

"I want your frank opinion on the situation, Frances. When Donald first started becoming interested in Verna I dismissed it as one of those confidential relationships that occur between a young man and an older woman when the man goes to the woman to confide in her about his real affairs. And I still believe it started that way."

Frances had negotiated the first mouthful, and was about to speak, but Mrs. Melcher talked faster and louder until the second bite was under way, when she relaxed again.

"It isn't that I have anything against Verna. As far as I've ever been able to find out—she has always been respectable . . ."

This time Frances was given the opportunity to speak, but had nothing to volunteer. Her hostess continued.

"But I do object to her taking up Donald's time and interest when he ought to be running around with young people his own age. He's going to

wake up one of these days to find Verna merely a middle-aged woman, while he's well past his youthful prime with nothing to show for it. And another thing, Verna is quite capable of spoiling him for any other woman . . ."

Mrs. Melcher looked across at Frances sharply. But the latter was proceeding with her meringue in complete absorption. Her hostess began to feel a slight antagonism towards the meringue. It was intended to partly divert her guest's actions, not to wholly distract her attention.

"You know as well as I do that Verna can be very attractive if she wants to be, especially to men. Why she hasn't ever married and settled down instead of corralling infants like Don, is too much for me. I used to think it was because she liked variety—was too fickle to stick to any one man for very long. And I counted on that failing to put a timely end to her affair (if you



can call it that!) with Donald. But this thing has been going on for over a year. That's the longest she's ever been known to be faithful to anyone . . . and I'm worried. Also I'm extremely annoyed with Verna. Why did she have to select my son to practice her personal reform on?"

Frances did say something this time.

"You used the expression 'spoiling him for another woman'—what did you mean by that exactly?"

Mrs. Melcher recognized her own bait. Frances was wary catch.

"I mean just exactly this, Frances. Verna can give Donald values that no younger woman ever could. She's mature, she's well poised, she's subtle in her ways . . . she it is who manages their relationship in such a clever fashion that Don never suspects she is managing. One of the most important things for a young man to learn is himself, and he does this through trial and error. Whereas with Verna, Don will never learn anything simply because Verna is too damn clever to ever let the boy make a mistake. He'll grow up thinking he knows all about handling women, when in reality he won't know a thing about women or about himself. Of course he's in-

fatuated—and of course he's never going to find a person of his own age anything but crude and difficult in comparison . . . It's not fair to the boy, Frances. Don't you see my point?"

"Well, yes, when you put it that way."

Frances pushed her plate away, and leaned across the table. Mrs. Melcher was quite willing for her to talk now.

"I'm afraid I'm not as much up on this scandal as I ought to be to give you any help." Frances didn't think the other woman would be too much offended by her use of the word "scandal," and she wasn't. "Did you see that, Doris? There were some stunning sea effects by . . ." But her friend's face was not encouraging. "Oh, well, you're not interested in art with a capital A, are you?"

"It isn't that I'm not interested, Frances. I simply have more important things to do. I have a house to run, you know—even if Donald is seldom in it any more."

It was the first time Frances had felt a bit sympathetic. The last phrase carried in its tones a real appeal. She tried to put aside her own prejudices against interference in other people's lives.

"Won't you let me inside a little, Doris? I only know that I've seen them together for the last year, and that on those rare occasions when I did happen to run into them, both of them seemed happy—and engrossed in each other. For instance, what do they have in common? Is Donald's interest in art anything other than an overlapping interest in Verna?"

Like most persons who affect a scorn of art, Mrs. Melcher was the first to deny any lack of artistic ability in herself or those of her own flesh. It wasn't that they couldn't paint or write if they wanted to—it was merely a matter of time and taste. They were too sensible . . .

"Why, Don has always been artistically inclined. Even when he was a very little boy, he would draw pictures by the hour, and some of them showed decided ability . . ."

"I didn't mean that, exactly. There's nothing incongruous in Donald turning artist—he's very fine and sensitive, always has been—but what I mean is—has he turned artist? Isn't he still working and studying architecture on the side?"

"Oh, yes, indeed. I must say that for Verna. She's never interfered with his work and his career—but that's the catch in the whole business. Verna is astute enough never to cross Donald in any fundamental need; she knows how to keep him satisfied . . . For that very reason there's no chance for them to quarrel so long as Verna is satisfied. And that's the part of it I don't understand. Unless—unless Verna realizes she's getting old and is hanging on to Don as a final refuge . . ."

"That's not a very nice thing to say, you know!"

"Well, then, what is it, Frances? I wish you'd drop in on Verna some day next week and try to puzzle the thing out. Donald and I have already had so many scenes on the subject that Verna won't even talk to me over the telephone any more . . ."

Frances did not relish the position. It seemed so suspiciously like a piece of spying. And Verna was a friend of hers as well as Doris. She sipped her coffee; this very black coffee was always bitter.

Mrs. Melcher had finished her coffee.

"What do you say, Frances, that we meet here again a week from today? That will give you time to see Verna—you'd better go in the daytime as Don is apt to be there in the evening . . ."

After all, Frances had eaten her friend's luncheon. She would be in as false a position if

(Continued on page 7.)



## Engagement Night

(Continued from page 2.)

"Oh, I'll go." She had gone over to the closet and was selecting a dress with feverish care.

Lila sighed as she went down the steps. She had not noticed what she was wearing.

"Come out here, Lila." It was her father's voice from the porch. That was nice. She had not known he was home.

She went over and sat by him.

"I've been asked to talk to you, my dear." The twinkle in his eyes always made her feel better. "I understand you have Bob hanging in the air just now. Your mother thinks you don't appreciate the importance of what you are going to do about it."

"Oh, I do," said Lila.

"I'm glad," he said. He had become serious now. He looked at her intently. "Lila, have you got it in your head that you still love Paul?"

"Not a bit of it, Daddy. I've a faint remembrance that I once knew such a person; that's all."

"I'm glad," he said once more. "Paul wouldn't have made you happy if you'd married him, of course. Love is something life is terribly unfair about. We're given the capacity for idealization when we're too young to know whom to lavish it on, and then when we are old enough to choose with our heads, the capacity to idealize is gone. You mustn't ever expect to feel about anybody else the way you did about Paul. The difference is not in the men you meet, but in you, you know."

Lila shivered. "In me?"

"People don't carry their rose-colored glasses till they're twenty-five, darling. There's something in you—something that makes the rosy light—that dies."

"Dies," thought Lila.

"But there are substitutes and compensations. There are comforts and there is affection and there are—children." He had put his arm about her shoulders. "Sarah kept expecting the rosy light to work, Lila, and waiting for it." Was he going to throw Aunt Sarah's spinsterhood up before her, too? "She was a pretty girl—as pretty as you are."

Aunt Sarah was once like her—Aunt Sarah, shriveled and thin. She would be like Aunt Sarah some day. Already the thing in her that made life beautiful was dead.

"I wish I were a widow," said Lila.

"Is Bob that awful, dear?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"He'd be good to you, Lila, and he's going to make money. It's not a bad combination."

"Thanks for telling me what you think, Daddy."

Some cars were coming up the driveway. She went upstairs to tell the girls. "Dead," she thought on each step upward. "Dead."

She was lost in the commotion of leavetaking. She was not conscious of having spoken to Bob, but she must have talked. She was sitting by him on the front seat of his car, and they were half way to the club. She looked at him sidewise. He was blond and well tailored and thirty. She tried to fasten her attention on the things about him that might thrill her if she were capable of being thrilled. Could she have idealized him when she was nineteen? A protest came from within her. Where did it come from? Could Daddy have been wrong? Could there be something lying there dormant, something that might be roused by the right kind of call? Her eyes searched Bob. One got one's impression of him through outward details—his broad shoulders, his coloring, his even features, the clothes he wore. There was nothing the matter with any of them. But in calling him to mind when you were away, it was these you thought of—not a way of smiling or an expression or a light underneath. The right kind of call would have to come from things underneath. Bob couldn't call.

They had reached the club and were getting out. She must have done something to offend him. He looked sulky.

"I don't see why you can't tell me, Lila. I suppose it gratifies women's vanity to keep men

in suspense." But he was sorry for that. "Of course I'd rather wait forever than to hear 'no.'"

"I'm so very sorry, Bob, but I'm not sure yet." It was a pity for him to go in looking like that.

"I'm just a weak woman who can't make up her mind," she directed to the scowl on his face—and watched it clear.

"What you need is some one to make it up for you." They entered successfully. It was so easy, if you tried, to get along with Bob.

"Hello, everybody!"

"Hello, Lila! Hello, Bob!"

"Where's the rest of your bunch, Lila? Everyone else is here."

"They'll be along in time," said Bob. "You wouldn't expect them to keep up with my car, with me driving, would you?"

"Play something, Lila. It won't take our minds from food, but it might help. We've been waiting ages."

"Play that piece you played last night," Bob asked her.

"Did you like that, Bob?" She looked at him, surprised and pleased. She sat at the piano and touched the keys softly; this was one of the perfect things.

## Seeking

By RUTH BELL

*The storm is calling with a hundred voices,  
Wrapping wet sheets around the world  
To make us heed.*

*It searches through earth's darkest corners  
With a blue-flamed, flickering candle—  
Daylight, without the sun!*

*... What is its age-old quest, I wonder?*

"Not that one, Lila. The piece that was so difficult—the one your mother said no one at the conservatory was able to do but you."

"Oh," said Lila. She struck a chord and rose. "Turn on the radio if you want music, won't you? I don't feel like playing."

But the missing couples came in just then and a messenger was dispatched kitchenward.

"We can't swim if we eat first. Let's go for a swim now."

A chorus of no's.

"The boat's more fun than swimming, anyhow."

"Let's eat now and swim. It won't hurt anything."

"Not at all, unless it kills you."

"The moon's going to be divine."

It kept up through supper.

"But I don't want you to stay with me," Lila told Bob when all but she were in their bathing suits. "I want to think."

At last she was alone. She strolled up the bank of the river till the cries of the swimmers became dim. There was a tree here that she knew well. Once when she was a little girl she had seen a man capture a princess and take her to a dingy castle in the top of that tree. The fairies came and tried to save her, but they couldn't quite do it. And Daddy had found Lila crying underneath the tree, but she hadn't told him what was the matter, because she knew if the fairies couldn't save the princess, no one else could.

She sat down and leaned against the tree's huge trunk.

"It's not dead," she said aloud. She wanted the surrounding dusk to know. "It's alive."

The river flowed smoothly before her. Her river. Life was a river only it went faster. But a river went fast when it was approaching falls. She made some falls, so that she could see how fast. The water roared and tumbled over itself as it went downward; it didn't want to go. Poor water.

She could see herself in the river. She was a little upstream from where she sat, and she was struggling against the pull of the current and looking for something—desperately. Lila knew

it was a shining white ship she was looking for, a beautiful ship that would rescue her. The river was full of drab, grey ships, but there was no white one. Even the grey ships were scarcer down nearer the falls, and they were more and more drab. A strong grey ship was close to her now, but Lila didn't take it. She kept looking and looking for a white ship; she looked so hard and went so fast that she came to the falls and was over them before she knew it. And then she looked up, and there was a white ship—a wonderful, radiant ship. A man was standing on it, a man who looked like Paul, but wasn't Paul. "Here I am!" she called; but he didn't seem to hear. She called and called and he didn't answer. Something was the matter; he didn't recognize her. She realized suddenly that she had been damaged going over the falls. She looked at her reflection in the water, and all she could see was wrinkles, hideous, awful wrinkles. . . .

But it was all a mistake. She was not over the falls; she was back by the strong, grey ship. It was Aunt Sarah who was over the falls. She could see her down there, half drowned in loneliness. Yet she didn't think it was the loneliness Aunt Sarah minded most. It was the people who stood on the banks and jeered. "She didn't get rescued," they kept saying, as if it were very funny. And they made jokes about her and called her a queer old maid. Was Aunt Sarah as strange as they thought she was? Lila didn't know.

The strong, grey ship was very close. She knew it was close, but she jumped as if startled when Bob spoke.

"What's the matter, dear? You're positively trembling."

"Why, it's just that I'm glad to see you, Bob."

"Do you mean that, Lila?"

"Maybe. . . . Are the others dressed, too?"

"Yes, they're inside dancing. Do you mean it, Lila?"

His kisses were not bad; you didn't notice them much. And it was nice that she could make him so happy. He looked the way he did when he won that hard case last month, and when he bought his new car.

He produced a ring. "I knew you were going to do it," he said; "so I had this ready."

She was wearing the ring when they went in. It was rather pleasant to be engaged. You were the center of an excitement that became so overpowering it was the only real thing. You enjoyed the new sense of appreciation every one seemed to have for you. The world was good to you when you kept in step with its scheme. Dancing was fun. Compensation.

But you couldn't shut your eyes on the compensations. You needed to keep looking at them. Lila discovered that going home.

"Sleepy, dear?" asked Bob, and he reached over with a proprietary hand and pulled her head to his shoulder.

"Yes," said Lila, and closed her eyes.

She shouldn't have closed them. She was seeking Paul again. They were in Charlotte to hear Kreisler—standing at the back of the stuffy little gallery, where you could touch the ceiling and couldn't see the stage. It was one of the times when Paul was broke. It was very close, and Lila's feet hurt in her French heeled pumps. The house was filled with applause, and then the music came up to them. Lila looked at Paul. All the beauty of the world was in his face, all the beauty that ever was or ever would be. The notes trembled through her, high and very sweet. And Paul leaned close and whispered, "You are like that, Lila."

"Wake up," said Bob. "You'll have to tell me good night before we get there. The fellows will stick, darn 'em."

They were the last ones home.

"What's the matter with your car, Bob?"

"We waited to tug you home."

"Ready to go, Bob?"

"Why not?" asked Bob. His eyes caught Lila's. "We're a couple of moderns," said Lila. "Who believes in sentiment?"

"Good night!"

"Good night!"

(Continued on page 7.)



## Engagement Night

(Continued from page 6.)

The girls were surrounding Lila.  
"Sh-sh-sh," she said. "I don't want to wake Mother."

She let them go up the stairs without her, and stopped in the library, where she had seen a light. Daddy read when he couldn't sleep. She must begin doing that; it was better than thinking.

"Return of the dutiful daughter," she said. "We're to be married in two months." She seated herself on the arm of his chair.

He took off his glasses and looked at her. There was a worried little line between his eyes. "Are you all right about it, Lila?"

"Yes," she said. "I have—sense."

"I don't think you're going to be sorry, darling. It's pretty hard being a girl, isn't it, and waiting for what life is going to do to you, and not knowing what?"

"Yes," said Lila.

"Bob is such a steady chap. You can take a deep-breath-and relax now; you can see all the way."

"Every bit of it, Daddy."

She kissed him good night.

"Lila, I'd give all I have to make you perfectly happy."

"Don't worry about me, dear. I know everything's going to be fine. I like—compensations."

She tiptoed up the stairs and past her mother's room. Tomorrow would be soon enough to plan Faithville's most elaborate wedding.

The beds were filled with three pajama-clad figures.

"We're going to sleep in here," Connie greeted her.

"No you're not," said Lila. "Get out."

Fay's arms were around her. "Lila, he's perfect."

"And you can trust him," said Connie.

"Good night, darlings," said Lila, and she closed the door when they were gone.

Margery was sitting up in bed. Her eyes were shining.

"Lila, I've got to tell you. Duncan's in love with me. I know he is."

"I'm so glad for you, honey."

"Love's great, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Lila. She took off her things and put a kimona around her. "I won't be a minute," she said from the bathroom door.

"Don't hurry on my account," said Margery. "I could never, never go to sleep."

But when Lila returned, her eyes were closed and she didn't rouse. "Eighteen," thought Lila. She wondered if the tenderness that came over her was the kind they called maternal.

She turned out the lamp and got into bed. Margery, even asleep, looked happy. The very way her head lay on the pillow. . . . She looked as if she were listening to something that no one else could hear.

Lila turned suddenly and lay on her other side, and looked through the window straight into the setting moon. She put her hands over her eyes, but the moon came through her fingers and penetrated to her brain. Why did they call the moon cold? It changed the ache in her throat to a queer, burning feeling; it touched with warmth the thing in her that Daddy said was dead—the thing that was not dead, but that she must kill.

She slipped from the bed and knelt by the window. The moon was in the trees outside. It was kissing the leaves. She lifted her hands and it kissed them, too. She was part of the moonlight. Everything was part of it. The moon was God. It was quiet everywhere. There was nothing but the still sound that the moon made. Lila listened. She thought it was trying to talk to her, but she couldn't understand.

## CLEARING THE DESK

After being shoved off into a corner in this manner by the volume of contributed matter, the logical thing would be to ignore the authors completely and fill our meager space with a prose poem, or something.

One cannot overlook the fact, however, that our newly-elected Associate Editor, Betsy Garrett, devoted Thanksgiving to the adornment of these pages with shapely figures. Nor is it easy to keep from bragging a bit about the very fine stories which were submitted and the people who wrote them.

Mr. Fleischer is probably the only real stranger. He is new to the University and has been writing professionally for some time. Miss Russell wrote "A Talk With Bess" for the first issue; Miss Kelley and Miss Kreutzer contributed to the *Review* last year.

A gratifying amount of material has been received through the mail and by way of the contribution box. Since we have room for but a limited amount, some must be held over for future issues. A date will be announced soon on which unavailable manuscripts will be returned.

We are still faced by a shortage of essays. Doesn't any one in this University write familiar essays?

A number of letters—of both kinds—have been received. The staff is anxious to give you the kind of a publication you want and your reactions to the material used are needed. We appreciate very much the letters we have received and pray that you will continue to assist us. Communications addressed to the *Review* editor, Hatchet Building, will connect. THE EDITOR.

## The Painted Screen

(Continued from page 5.)

she accepted the luncheon under unrequited circumstances. . . .

"All right, Doris. I'll meet you here next Friday—at one."

On the following Friday Mrs. Melcher was early as usual, and Frances was late as usual. They sat at the same table. They chatted together on indifferent subjects until the dessert was brought, as usual. Mrs. Melcher opened the serious conversation at the same time. But Frances was less interested in meringues this week.

"Yes, I did see Verna—on Tuesday, Tuesday afternoon. She was alone at first and later some friends came in I didn't know. I left shortly after . . ."

"But you had a chance to talk to her by herself, surely . . .?"

"Well, yes—but we didn't mention Donald's name, if that's what you mean."

"Oh, come now, Frances! You aren't going to hold out on me at this point . . .?"

"I'm not going to hold out on you, Doris. But you're probably going to think I am—simply because I'm afraid I can't make you see—what I saw on Tuesday afternoon at Verna's apartment."

It was Mrs. Melcher's turn to chew meringue shell. She did this intensely.

"I didn't get anywhere—in your sense of the term—during my talk with Verna. We had some past history to exchange, as well as some present history to discuss—past and present trends in the field of art—you'd probably style it. Suffice it to say that it was important enough to the two of us to keep us engrossed until the other group arrived on the scene . . ."

"I might have known I couldn't get a fair deal among artists!"

"Perhaps you wouldn't mind putting it that an artist's conception of a square deal differs in

some essential particulars from that of a layman . . .?"

"Now you're just quibbling!"

Frances sighed. She took a sip of the black coffee. Something bitter in her mouth might help her get out this other.

"It wasn't when I was talking to Verna herself that I—found out anything."

Mrs. Melcher stopped folding her napkin in minute angles.

"Oh, then you did get some evidence! Who from?"

"From a screen."

"A screen . . .?"

Mrs. Melcher looked nonplussed.

"Yes, a painted screen."

"Frances, you're perfectly maddening! What sort of an enigma are you hinting at?"

Frances took a second gulp of black coffee.

"I've found out what Donald does over at Verna's apartment, for one thing."

"That's no mystery! What does any man do in the apartment of the woman he loves?"

"Don't be vulgar, Doris. You can malign Verna and me, since we're women together, but you ought to be fair to Donald."

"What do you mean—isn't he a young infatuated fool, even if he is my son?"

"I don't really know, Doris. All I know is what I got from the screen."

"The screen, the screen! For heaven's sake, Frances, what about the screen? Can't you even try to talk sense?"

There was no black coffee left, and she hadn't forced it out yet. It would be only words anyway, but she hated to waste even words about some things . . .

"After the others came I stuck around for awhile thinking they would stay only a short time and that I could see Verna alone again. I moved over to the far end of the studio by myself. I don't know whether you've seen Verna's latest arrangement of her studio—but it's tremendously effective, as usual."

"You might spare me this, Frances. I didn't

invite you to luncheon to hear Verna's accomplishments cited . . ."

"I'm sorry, Doris. I can't help it. This is a very necessary part of the rest."

Mrs. Melcher picked up the napkin again.

"In the far corner over by the long windows stood a screen . . ."

Mrs. Melcher muttered—"At last!"

"I had never remembered seeing it before among Verna's properties. In fact it didn't have the look of Verna's things. You know the kind of effect she goes after—color and warmth and movement with a strain of the bizarre about it that leaves you undecided whether you really like it or not . . .?"

She had to continue without the customary response.

"Well, this was altogether different. Beside the other things in the rooms it appeared pale and detached, almost out of place. And yet somehow immensely strong . . . The lines were very simple—the color scheme mostly silver. On the silver was outlined a hill in arresting tones of black. At the foot of the hill several trees were sketched in, waving slowly together. In the sky above the hill a heavy cloud moved in two swift movements across the horizon. And standing on the hill was a crimson figure, clad in a cowl and robe. His hands were stretched out past the heavy cloud above the swaying trees towards one small spot of silver sky where stars were shining. Without this figure the composition said nothing; with it, through it, was expressed an eternity of meaning—of peace and fulfillment . . ."

The voice stopped.

Mrs. Melcher stirred uncomfortably.

"Well—I still don't see . . ."

"You must see, Doris! Down in the right-hand corner were signed two initials—D. M."

"Donald! But—but why doesn't he bring it home, Frances? If it's his work he should have it in his own room—or in my parlor, if you say it's so pretty . . ." There was more to come. "Anyway, why is it so significant as you seem to

(Continued on page 8.)



## The Key

(Continued from page 3.)

She could see the lobster man fighting that indifference. He was bent forward, talking rapidly, almost angrily, munching, crunching, puffing his cheeks. His eyes flamed, perturbed, to see the partner of a man who bought his hats on Fifth Avenue appearing dull and lifeless.

The tinsel woman sat patiently still, not listening, until he had calmed. Then she reached into her purse and brought out the gold key which she pushed across the table into his claws. The lobster man offered it back. It was refused with an annoyed lift of her brow. He fastened it to his watch chain, pouted his lips and turned to eye the cigarette girl from head to heel. He looked across the hall to the coat room and laughed at Sylvia.

The next night, the lobster man sat alone at the corner table. The waiter was unusually courteous to him. The doorman was gruff in his welcome.

"The Waldorf tonight?" asked the doorman, leaning against the coat room counter.

"I'll let you know later," returned Sylvia ponderously. "I'm not sure . . . perhaps."

The lobster man appeared before the coat room at the end of the next dance.

"You're leaving early," she murmured, an uncertain pitch in her voice.

"Only to rest until the evening starts," he smiled, pinching her finger tips with his red claws. And as he took his hat, he pressed into her hand a different tip, a gold key. "Tonight," he whispered. "After work. The address is on the key."

He had gone before she had time to speak. She moved her lips to discover that words wouldn't form. They stuck in her throat as if to choke her. She slumped in the chair at the far end of the coat room and stared vacantly at the rows of minks, seals and sables. An ermine wrap, hung on the hook above her, drooped down to kiss her cheek.

She walked to the dressing table where she kept her comb and trinkets and placed the key in the drawer. And as she leaned over the table, her eyes fell on the latest edition of the evening paper. She didn't wonder how it got there for it didn't seem strange that it was there. She was only conscious of the eyes of the tinsel woman who stared out from the printed page.

"The Waldorf tonight!" yelled the doorman from the lobby. "You were to let me know."

"Yes, John," she said, her voice faint and quivering. "Tonight."

And at the Waldorf, her elbows on the enameled table, she confided a secret to John.

"Remember the girl in the ermine wrap," she said. "The one at the corner table?"

"With the man who smiled at you?"

She stirred her beef stew. "Yes, with him," she murmured. "But she won't be again. In tonight's paper . . . on the front page, I saw her . . . it was awful . . . she drank poison . . . a small bottle."

"I know," said John. "I put that paper on your table."

## The Painted Screen

(Continued from page 7.)

think it is . . . ? Is it good enough to be sold for a lot of money? Is that what you mean?"

Her friend raised her face and looked at her. One more trial . . .

"The location of the screen or its eventual disposal has no significance whatever. What is significant—terribly significant—is the screen itself and its relation to Donald. I never felt that I knew Donald very well; and now—I don't feel that I ever knew him at all. I'm not even sure that Verna knows him accurately. The expression of herself that she gives in her own work is so diametrically opposed to the expression of himself that Donald has given in his screen. I'm more than ever at a loss to account for their in-

timacy—but I am no longer concerned about Donald's relationship to Verna or to himself. He has found his solution somewhere—and when Verna sends him away—as she may do—he will know which way to go."

Donald's mother stood up.

"Is that all you have to say—Frances?"

"Quite all, Doris."

"Well, then, we might as well go."

Mrs. Melcher paid her bill with the air of one who has not received her money's worth. For the first time since she had been patronizing the "Pink Chanticleer" she omitted to leave a tip.

## STAFF OF The Monthly Literary Review

### EDITOR

JOHN J. HEIMBURGER

### ASSISTANT EDITORS

Eire Mooney	Gwendolyn Folsom
Benjamin Schwarz	Herbert L. Alexander II
Helene Kreutzer	Frank Westbrook
Paul Linebarger	Betsy Garrett

Published monthly as the literary section of  
The University Hatchet

Douglas Bement	Executive Officer
H. W. Herzog	Graduate Manager
F. Winfield Weitzel	Editor
Lester M. Gates	Business Manager

## Beyond the Curriculum

(Continued from page 1.)

such clubs, and in every way make them at the same time interesting as well as instructive.

Purely social organizations (fraternities, sororities, honor societies) could by having more of the won't-you-sip-tea *conversazione* habit gain greater purely social acquaintance with the faculty members.

Faculty social organizations (Faculty women, for example) could properly take the initiative in inviting students majoring in certain subjects to meet the professors and instructors (teaching those subjects), and their wives.

If the students and faculty members would feel more free in inviting one another to their homes for mere talk, the benefit would be incalculable in promoting genuine acquaintance and friendship.

Finally, if and when the administrative officers find more leisure and more opportunities for informal association with the student, the morale and harmony of the university would improve considerably.

Though this contact be only between the more earnest members of the student body and the more interested of the faculty members, it would none the less continue on to the Utopian aim of education—the student not only gets his money's worth of book knowledge, but also his time's worth of human experience. May it be hoped that the administration, under the progressive guidance of Dr. Marvin, and the various faculty bodies as groups and as individuals promote every possible means for obtaining more intimate personal contact with the students. May the students in their turn be a little more inclined to realize that the motives for teaching are, fundamentally, those of self-sacrifice. Not to make use of every opportunity for furthering the cause of education in its widest sense—that of creating civilized men and women—simply means that the teacher is wasting a good part of his life's effort in vain, and the student is relying on the chanciness of uncontrolled environments to make an adult of him.

## BOOKS

Literature at our beloved alma step-mater seems to be picking up considerably. The only surprising thing is that it hasn't done so before. From the way students argue wildly in the Sophomore Lit courses, you'd suspect that the iron teeth of wisdom which the faculty sow ought to sprout forth as full-length critics in chain-armor (which is what thoughtful critics ought to wear). Curiously, however, these two first very popular books by G. W. students are both fiction.

*The Lady Who Came to Stay* is by R. E. Spencer. His book was chosen by the Book League of America as a monthly selection. It is a ghost story treated naturalistically, reminiscent of the novelette "The Turn of the Screw". But Spencer is infinitely more readable than Henry James, even though he keeps the exquisite accuracy in motivation of his master. The novel begins in an almost commonplace manner, but builds up effect after effect until even the reader is haunted by greater terrors than heaven and earth could produce. And the simplicity of the story, the plot of a conflict of ghosts, the dismal, not-unbeautiful, gloomy setting, the rational half-explanations all contribute to make this as fine a piece of writing in the vein of romantic-realism as has appeared for a long time.

The other G. W. author who has dived into fame is John Paul Cullen with his collection of short stories called *Hello Wisconsin*. It deals with Wisconsin small-town life in a fascinating manner, except for certain deeply symbolical sections written in italics (do you like cross-word puzzles?). These sections are so obscurely soulful that they ought to be printed as free verse in order to ensure the safety of the readers. To be literary: even as "The Lady Who Came to Stay" is obviously influenced by "The Turn of the Screw", so "Hello, Wisconsin" is in some ways like Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio". There is the same general structure, the same interest in sexual matters, the same suggestiveness. But while Anderson is often downright silly in his attempts to insinuate pseudo-psychiatric obscenity, Cullen is more healthy and healthful and tells his stories without any trace of pseudo-cynical satire. "Hello, Wisconsin" is a far less mature book than "The Lady Who Came to Stay"—a fact accounted for, perhaps, by its being written by a younger author. Some of the stories in the book were those written by Mr. Cullen in Professor Bement's classes.

To get away from our beloved campus! Eugene Gladstone O'Neil, whom some call the Amurrikin Willie Shakin', has produced another flop. "Dynamo" was horrible, but it merely (by being an exception), proved the rule that O'Neil could write fine and occasionally great drama. But in his *Mourning Becomes Electra*, O'Neil gets way beyond his depth in trying to out-Aeschylize Aeschylus. O'Neil's trilogy is almost identical with the Aeschylean *Oresteia*, with the difference that the Greek is good and the American bad. Agamemnon is re-named General Mannon; Clytemnestra, Christine; Electra, Lavinia; Orestes, Orin; and Aegisthus, Captain Brant. But O'Neil, "enslaved, illogical, elate, . . . greets the embarrassed Gods nor fears" to make a dreadful mess in padding tragedy till it almost becomes melodrama. O'Neil can only be excused by saying that just as every good Irish Irishman sooner or later writes a "Deirdre", so I suppose every modern dramatist must dig up the Greeks and try to outdo them. O'Neil would have been much better off if he had stayed to his own picturesque material instead of goosechasing off to classical Nephelococugias. "Mourning Becomes Electra" lacks the splendid satire of "Marco Millions", the brilliant characters of "Anna Christie," and the carefully drawn psychological studies of "The Hairy Ape," or "The Emperor Jones." There is more tragedy in the last scene of Ibsen's "The Wild Duck", than in all of O'Neil's thirteen acts.